

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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## THE YOUNG MEN HAVE A WORD TO SAY

### THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST

#### TREMENDOUS FIGHT WITH NATURE

Gallant Effort to Reach the Top of the World

#### BAFFLED BUT NOT BEATEN

Man has ever been a warrior. Ever since he first appeared on the planet his life has been one long war. He has fought mammoths and sabre-toothed tigers, and glaciers and tornadoes, and forests and seas.

The mammoths and sabre-toothed tigers are gone, the glaciers have retreated, the forests are felled, the wind and seas are harnessed; but still there is fighting in man's blood, and today he is attacking a monster bigger than a mammoth, more deadly than Sabre-tooth. He is attacking a mountain over five miles high.

Such a battle requires dauntless courage and an unfaltering heart, and the story of the Mount Everest Expedition is one of the most thrilling tales of battle and adventure in the history of mountaineering.

#### Courage and Brains

At the Royal Geographical Society and Alpine Club, General Bruce, Mr. Mallory, and Mr. Finch, members of the expedition, have been giving an account of some of their experiences in their struggle to set foot on the summit of the loftiest mountain in the world.

They had to fight not only the great icy mountain, crossing its abysmal crevasses, ascending its sheer precipices, evading its treacherous avalanches; they also had to fight against howling hurricanes, and the thin air that threatened to throttle them. They required muscular strength; they required courage; but they also required scientific knowledge and brains.

#### Camp Five Miles High

Mile by mile they fought their way up. Their first camp was 16,500 feet high—higher than Mont Blanc. Their fourth camp was 21,000 feet high—nearly a mile higher than Mont Blanc. And for the final climb their tents were pitched at 25,500 feet. Provisions and oxygen and general outfit had to be carried to the camps, and much of the success of the expedition was due to the sturdy and unfailing strength of the native mule-men, whose endurance was simply marvellous.

The final attempt was made toward the end of May, and Mr. Finch describes how the little party, camped on the edge of prodigious precipices, were overtaken by a terrific gale. The wild flapping of the canvas made a noise like that of machine-gun fire, he says. So deafening was it that they could not hear each other speak, and now and again violent gusts threatened to carry them away altogether. Tired by his previous labours, Mr. Finch

### China Sends Its Tea to Market



The tea which was recently harvested in China is now being dried and packed and sent to market. Much of the transport is done by coolies, who carry enormous loads, and sights like this are common in all the tea-growing districts.

began to feel "a dead, numbing cold creeping up his limbs," and recognised that death was threatening him. But he had still a weapon in his armoury; he had cylinders of oxygen, that wonderful gas for lack of which he seemed likely to perish. He opened the cylinders, and the party jokingly inhaled the gas. The effect was wonderful. "A few minutes after the first deep breath," he says, "I felt a tingling sensation of returning life and warmth to my limbs. We slept well and warmly."

Even after such an experience as that the dauntless party continued the ascent, and actually reached a point within half a mile of the summit. Within half a mile—the distance a runner can cover in two minutes! Think of it! Yet nothing could be greater testimony to the indomitable courage of these climbers. They had evidently gone to the utmost limits of their strength, so that, even with the prize so near, they could not

grasp it. It is possible, indeed, that they might have crawled on, on to the very summit; but they could not have returned alive: death would have taken the prize from their dead fingers.

But never had the proverb "He that fights and runs away will live to fight another day" a worthier meaning. They were baffled, not beaten; and as they retreated laboriously downhill, Geoffrey Bruce turned to the great white mountain and said: "Just you wait, old thing; you'll be for it soon!"

We can only hope that when the next time comes the courageous, determined climbers will stand victorious on the top of the world.

Their gallant climb easily stands as a mountaineering record. The previous best effort was 24,600 feet, reached in 1909 by the Duke of Abruzzi when climbing Mount Godwin-Austen, in the Himalayas, the second highest mountain in the world.

### EARNING A LIVING IN BED

#### Vancouver Man Who Conquers Fate

#### TRIUMPH OF AN INVALID STAMP COLLECTOR

There are tens of thousands of healthy people who go about the world asking others to tell them how they can make a living. Of course they cannot be told. They must find out for themselves.

Nowhere, probably, is there a better instance of a man finding for himself what he can do in the world than a Vancouver man named Albert E. Reeves, of 1850, Fifth Avenue West.

Twelve years ago he held a responsible position on the Canadian Pacific Railway, but suddenly he became completely paralysed, so that he could only lie helpless in bed, where he has lain ever since.

Yet now, though still lying in bed, unable to raise his head from his pillow, he is a successful man of business, earning a sufficient living.

Lying there, he recalled to a visitor how, as a boy, he had been an ardent stamp collector. Still he could study stamps. So when he became paralysed he resumed his study of stamps, and, helped by his wife, and later by his daughter, began to buy and sell them, so that now he is known throughout Canada as a successful dealer in stamps, particularly in all kinds of Colonials.

#### A Splendid Example

As there are 75,000 varieties of stamps, in which many people are interested, the business is by no means a simple one; but in it Mr. Reeves is an expert, and, as he is trusted for his knowledge and honesty he has made his work a success.

Of course his mastery of the business is no reason why other people should try to do exactly what he has done; but it is a fine example of how each of us may find out for himself something to do that suits himself, however difficult life may be, and how we may triumph over obstacles that might at first sight seem too many and too great to be overcome.

Albert Reeves lies there, studying and buying and selling stamps, a splendid lesson to all who want somebody else to find them their right work in the world.

### GAS BARRAGE ON A RAILWAY

#### Train Service Held Up

A strange phenomenon held up a train service between Oklahoma City and Tulsa, U.S.A., for several days recently.

A gas well being drilled about 150 feet from the track struck a gusher, and the escaped gas was so thick over the railway line that the railway officials decided it would not be safe to run trains through it for fear the gas might ignite and cause serious damage.



## THE GLIDING MEN FLEDGLING BEGINS TO FLY

Will It Rival the Swallow?

### THREE HOURS ALOFT WITHOUT AN ENGINE

That things are not always what they seem was proved when M. Maneyrol won the Daily Mail prize of £1000 in the recent gliding contest.

His machine, a large tandem monoplane, was almost laughed at by the experts. They would not consider it a serious rival to the Handasyde machine of Mr. Raynham, who until the last day of the contest held the record for gliding in England with a flight of one hour and fifty-three minutes.

Many of the experts present feared seeing M. Maneyrol's craft launched, for they said disaster was inevitable. However, when he had taken off, the machine made a beautiful glide, and, quickly finding the friendly air-currents, the pilot continued to fly steadily, and to the amazement of all present was still flying when dusk came.

#### German Record Beaten

He flew on until he had beaten the German world record of three hours and ten minutes by a good margin, and when, after being in the air for three hours and twenty-two minutes, he alighted near his starting-point it was quite dark.

While this flight was taking place many of the onlookers were treated to another surprise. Squadron-Leader Gray, of the Royal Air Force, had arrived with a glider that he had built at a total cost of eighteen shillings and sixpence. He went up later in the afternoon, and only came down when it was quite dark, after having flown for an hour and a half. Surely the cheapest ride in the skies on record!

Gliders are like young fledglings in their first attempts to fly, but already enough has been achieved to show that this form of flying has great, even if limited, possibilities. The first attempts of gliders have been more successful than the first essays of Langley and the Wrights; and flight without engines seems more wonderful than flight with engine-driven aeroplanes.

#### Using the Air-Currents

To float and move on the air simply by using the upward air-currents seems a marvellous feat, and it brings man nearer the birds than any other form of locomotion. For that is the chief principle which all birds, from the eagle to the wren, employ in their flight. In addition, of course, the birds have the lifting power of their wings, and when man has found some way of adding lifting power to his gliding power he will have solved the problem of flight. Perhaps some adaptation of a helicopter might suffice.

It is true that in some ways the powerful aeroplane can outfly birds, and it is certain that in some ways it will always be more useful than a gliding plane. It will always be quicker; it will always be more useful in war. But, on the other hand, it is cumbersome and costly and noisy, whereas a gliding plane is light, cheap, and silent.

#### A Healthy Exercise

An engine-driven aeroplane requires a technically-trained pilot, while the gliding-man pilots his own plane. As a sport, as a pleasant and healthful exercise, gliding will far surpass ordinary aeroplaning, and it is probable that within twenty years men will spend a few hours gliding through the blue sky on the currents of the wind just as now they go boating on a river or on the sea.

Some day, no doubt, there will be elevated stations all over the British Isles; and men, perhaps, will "take off" from the top of Snowden, and, gliding down a south-western breeze, land in Dublin or Killarney, or "take off" from some Aberdeenshire mountain and glide down the east wind to Christiania. But that is looking a good way ahead.

## SHOULD BOYS BE SOLDIERS? CAMBRIDGE AGAINST MILITARISM

The Mind of the Next  
Generation Speaks Out

### REAL AND FALSE TRAINING

By Our Cambridge Correspondent

The world-wide cause of peace is gaining triumphs every day.

The students of an ancient university steeped in tradition are not generally regarded as a particularly peaceful set of men with strong prejudices against militarism, but the students and graduates of Cambridge have just proved what a change has come over the world by voting against militarism and rejecting it by a huge majority.

At the famous Cambridge Union there was a great debate on the proposition that military training should form a part of all British education. The debating chamber was packed, the students and graduates also filling the gallery usually reserved for visitors.

#### Making a Man a Machine

A colonel spoke in favour of the motion, advocating strongly a system of compulsory military training for all boys; and the Chief Scout, who had been invited to Cambridge to speak against the motion, took up the cudgels on behalf of peace, as the Chief Scout naturally would.

He urged the need for all men to be prepared for peace as much as for war, and said that what was wanted was a training that would make for peace instead of for war. Military training took a man in hand and made him part of a machine, so that he had no initiative but to obey orders. The German Emperor had advocated militarism because he believed it was educative, but German militarism could not stand against men who were fighting with a free will.

The discipline which was drilled into a man was only a veneer, after all. What we wanted was the self-discipline of a man of character, and that was not to be had through military training.

#### Boy Scouts Serve Their Country

Sir Robert Baden-Powell said he did not think it right for boys to imitate soldiers at an early age. One or two hours' drill a week did not set a boy up or make him any more disciplined.

Boy Scouts, he continued, were trained to serve their country. Ten thousand were killed in the war, and 25,000 were on coastguard duty within 48 hours after the outbreak. If boys were trained in citizenship and in that discipline of life which comes from within the nation had all the material it required. If it were required for defence it was ready, and it was equally suitable for anything else.

It had been found in America that military training produced a false temporary obedience. If we brought up our boys with a great idea of citizenship we should not need conscription.

#### Applause for the Chief Scout

The students, among whom are the schoolmasters and members of Parliament and Cabinet Ministers of the future, listened carefully to the Chief Scout's arguments and applauded him loudly. Then they voted, and they rejected the motion for militarism by the great majority of 451. Only 94 voted for it, while 545 went into the lobby against it. It was a tremendous triumph for peace.

The Oxford and Cambridge Unions are the training grounds of the legislators and leaders of the future, and it is a fine thing to see these students taking their stand against militarism.

It was the military training in the schools of Germany that led to the Great War, and we do not want that spirit here. Bravo, Cambridge!

## THE FARMER'S ANXIOUS YEAR ONE OF THE WORST ON RECORD

Good Progress in Dairy Work  
YIELD OF COWS DOUBLED

The agricultural year drawing toward its close has been one of the worst that farmers can remember.

Crops have not been heavy in many districts, and have been gathered in late, owing to the frequent rains; also prices have been low.

The good profits of the war years have led many farmers to launch out into extensions and expenses that have left them with small reserves of capital, so that they are now feeling the want of money badly.

The costs of their work remain comparatively high, including wages, rates, taxation, and railway carriage, so that an anxious time is before them, and before their labourers—perhaps the most useful single class in the country.

The only branches of farming that have given a fairly satisfactory return are sheep breeding and dairying.

The dairy work of the country particularly has shown signs of considerable progress. Butter-making has decidedly improved in England, and there has been some revival of cheese making. Poultry-rearing, too, has been active.

The Dairy Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall this year had more entries than ever before, and there is a steady increase in the yield of milk, which is remarkable when compared with twenty years ago.

A cow which yielded 400 gallons of milk in a year was then regarded as profitable; today 1000 gallons a year is not an astonishing yield, and interest has passed on to the animals that give 2000 gallons of milk annually.

## FAREWELL TO ENGLAND The Spell of Her Moral Splendour

### A GOOD JOURNALIST GOES HOME

Mr. Edward Price Bell, one of the great American newspaper correspondents who have done splendid work in promoting understanding and friendship between England and the United States, has gone home again, after representing the Chicago Daily News for 22 years in London.

He has been a splendid journalist on this side of the Atlantic, and a good friend of honest news; and this is his farewell message. To this noble tribute and appeal every true British heart will respond, proudly and hopefully.

Only a few words occur to me as perhaps worth saying on the eve of leaving England after nearly a quarter of a century under the shelter of her flag.

All our children were born here. England has been home to us. As all who know her must love her, we love her.

If we have fallen under the spell of her physical beauty, we have fallen yet more deeply under the spell of her moral splendour. She has done things immeasurably great in the world; still greater tasks await her hand.

They speak of her as old; in truth, she is young—just at the beginning of her organised imperial progress toward a freer, safer, and happier democracy.

My supreme political desire is, and for very many years has been, that the power of the British Empire and the power of the United States shall be consolidated for the good of themselves and of the world.

Strong as both are, neither alone is sufficient. Each needs the other, and must have the other if the English-speaking political and social inspiration is not to fail of its full fruit.

## THE GREAT ELECTION TWENTY MILLION PEOPLE MAKING UP THEIR MINDS

The Big Change Coming Over  
Parliament and Politics  
END OF THE COALITION

By Our Political Correspondent

Before very long twenty million electors will have chosen 615 members to represent England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland in the British House of Commons. Of these twenty millions over eight millions are women.

This General Election will be one of the most interesting ever held in the history of our land because so many features in it are new, and what will happen is most difficult to foresee.

On one point only everybody agrees, and that is that an election ought to take place now. For nearly seven and a half years the country has been governed under war conditions, very different conditions from those of the previous sixty years.

Throughout those sixty years the country had what is called Party government. Either the Conservatives or the Liberals were in power, and any other Parties were small by comparison.

#### Presenting a Solid Front

During the war Parties contrived to present a solid front to the enemy; and since the war most Conservatives and most Liberals have joined to make a united body, a mixture, or Coalition, of the two strongest Parties, with a Liberal, Mr. Lloyd George, as the Prime Minister, and the Conservatives as the greater number of his supporters in the House. For part of the time Labour members also were in the Government.

But the idea of a Coalition Government has never been popular in this country, and many men in each of the Parties believed that war conditions should end and that it was better that the government by mixed Parties should stop at once.

#### Divided Opinions

There was restlessness everywhere. The Labour Ministers withdrew early from the Coalition; the Liberals were divided on the question; and as time went on the Conservatives became divided also. Parliament was approaching its last year of service, and everyone felt that the sooner the people were asked to decide whether they wished to have mixed Party government or government by one solid Party—and which Party that should be—the better it would be for the satisfaction and good government of the country.

It is possible they will not settle it at all; for it may be that no one Party will be strong enough to govern without the help of another, or of members who belong to another Party.

#### A Doubtful Outlook

It is the disunion in the ranks of each Party that makes the result of the present General Election so doubtful, coupled with the fact that in any constituency, owing to the bad system under which three or more candidates divide the votes, a Party may actually come into power which throughout the country has a minority of votes.

For the first time in history the Labour Party, which has not suffered the divisions that are always likely to arise when government has to be carried on and things have to be done that many do not agree with, has a chance of greatly increasing its numbers in the House of Commons. Meantime, Liberalism has lost its solidity and Conservatism has much more divided aims than usual.

Under these circumstances the outlook is confused; but we may be sure that, whatever the immediate results may be, the strong undercurrent of common-sense that is the central feature of British character will re-assert itself, and in the end all will be well.



## CANADA'S BIG TELESCOPE LARGEST IN THE WORLD NOW BEING MADE The Wonderful Instrument for Surveying the Heavens SEVEN YEARS TO POLISH A MIRROR

Canada is to have the most wonderful observatory and the most wonderful telescope in the world.

The observatory is to be erected on the Pacific Coast at a point that has not yet been definitely selected, and the chief work of its staff of astronomers will be the taking of celestial photographs.

The great reflecting telescope to be set up here will be the largest ever attempted, its huge mirror outstripping that of the famous Solar Physics Observatory on Mount Wilson, California, by twenty inches. Whereas the American telescope has a mirror 100 inches in diameter this Canadian instrument will have one of 120 inches.

### New Wonders to be Revealed

The glass has already been successfully cast, and the cost of mounting it in the observatory when it is finished will be £60,000, a sum already provided by Mr. Charles Frye of Seattle, a generous patron of Canadian science after whom the new observatory is to be named.

When this telescope is completed Canada will be the proud possessor of the largest and the third largest reflecting telescopes in the world, for in the Canadian Government Observatory at Victoria, British Columbia, there is already a splendid instrument with a 72-inch mirror, erected in 1918.

To the ordinary person the increase of a few inches in the diameter of a mirror may not seem a matter of very great moment, but to astronomers it is of supreme importance, for it means that new wonders of the heavens will be revealed to their sight.

### Light Lost in Space

When the Mount Wilson 100-inch mirror was set up, it had a light-gathering power three times as great as that of the 60-inch reflector, and it is estimated that a hundred million stars are revealed by it over and above those that any other existing instrument shows.

Some of these stars are probably comparatively near to our solar system, but have been hitherto concealed from our sight on account of their faint light. Others may be inconceivable distances away, their brilliancy being almost lost as their light travels through space.

A reflecting telescope, in which the celestial object is seen reflected in a mirror, can be made much larger than a refracting telescope, through which the object is looked at directly, because the glass of a reflector need not be absolutely pure, as it must in a refractor.

The reflecting mirror is covered on its upper concave surface with a thin coat of silver, and this has to be renewed at least twice a year, so that the cost of maintenance is very great.

### Polishing the Great Mirror

For photographic work the reflecting telescope is far superior to the refractor, in which the light from the star or other heavenly object is to some extent broken up. In the reflector, though the light is unchanged, well-defined detail is given over only a very small area, equal in the case of the Mount Wilson 100-inch mirror to half the area of the Moon's disc.

Now that the work of casting the 120-inch mirror for the great Canadian telescope has been completed, the long task of grinding and polishing must begin. In the case of the Mount Wilson telescope it took seven years. There is considerable risk of the mirror cracking in the process.

The mirrors are made of great thickness to prevent them from warping through their own weight. The Mount Wilson mirror weighs four and a half tons.

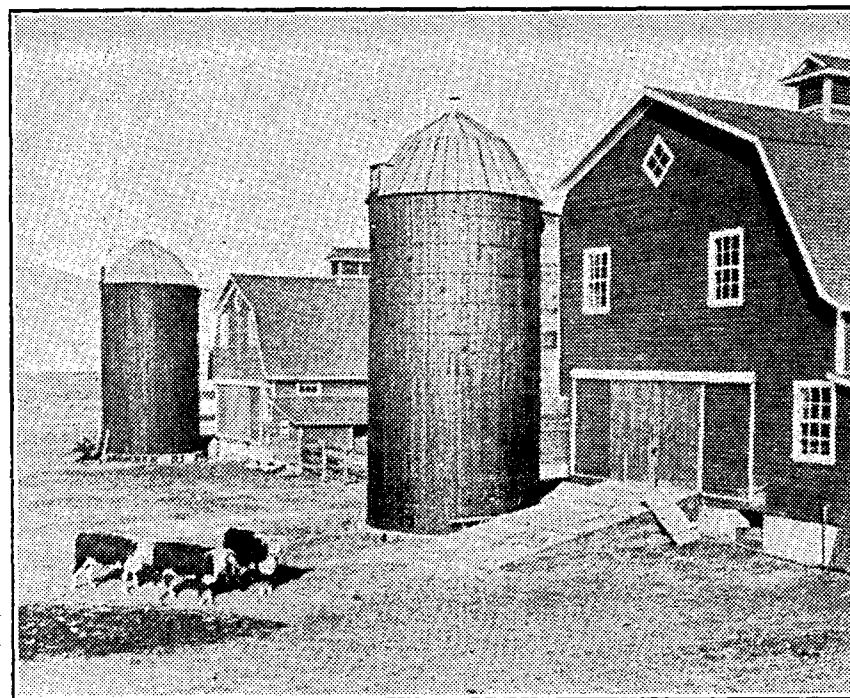
## SUNFLOWERS AS CATTLE FOOD



Cutting and binding the sunflowers into bundles



Treading down the cut sunflowers in a trench



The tall, round silos where the pressed sunflowers are stored for winter use

Sunflowers are grown in Canada as food for cattle. They are cut down and pressed with other kinds of fodder into a compact mass that is stored in a tall, cylinder-like building called a silo, where it is kept and drawn upon as required for winter food. In these pictures we see the sunflowers being harvested and prepared for storage

## PALACE OF GLOOM RUIN COMES TO A SPANISH MONUMENT

Home Where Dead Kings and  
Armada Memories Rest

### THE ESCORIAL

The Escorial, one of the most famous palaces in the world, is falling into ruin. Rain penetrates the roof, it destroys the paintings, it causes dangerous fissures in the structure, and creates conditions of disrepair and peril which the Spanish Government is implored to make good.

It was built by the richest king then in the world, who never dreamed that Spain, mistress of half Europe and of half America, could ever grow impoverished. Philip II, who married our Queen Mary of England in order to possess the throne of England, raised this palace too soon.

### Memorial Built Too Soon

King of Spain, of Portugal, of a great part of Italy, of Holland and Belgium, of wealthy Mexico and Peru, and consort of an English queen, by whose side he remained in England for about 14 months only, he raised the Escorial on an eminence 31 miles from Madrid as a palace and a tomb for all the future kings of his line.

Moreover, it was a memorial of a victory won six years earlier over the French at St. Quentin in 1557. As a monument to victory it was built too soon. Twenty-one years in building, it was completed in 1584. Four years later came the annihilation by Queen Elizabeth's sea-dogs of Philip's "Invincible Armada."

The vastest Spanish palace in the Peninsula, and one of the biggest in existence, the Escorial has always been an impossible dwelling for a mere human being. Stern, forbidding, repulsive as Philip's own character, the huge pile appals. It is a show place, ostentatious and rather terrible.

### A Splendid Library

The key-note was struck by Philip himself. He planned a great library to house the finest collection of books in the world. All the volumes whose pages were edged with gold he caused to be placed leaves outward, with the titles, unseen, at the back of the shelves.

The ambition of the monarch was realised so far as the number of books and manuscripts was concerned; the library became one of the most splendid in the world, with thousands and thousands of noble volumes and an unrivalled collection of Arabic works, relics of the Moorish conquest of Spain.

A great fire in 1671, pillage by French soldiery in 1808, and a second fire in 1872, diminished the glories of the palace, but even then there remained over 30,000 treasured volumes and upward of 4000 manuscripts.

The Escorial, in funereal grey granite, is as the gloomy spirit of Philip translated and fixed in imperishable mass. But as trouble and thwarted ambitions wore out his stubborn heart, so time and weather wear out the stone fabric he erected.

His name and record survive, grim and repellent, like the massive stones of his haughty palace. His fame moulders in history as his castle moulders in fact. The Pharaohs and their palaces have vanished from Egypt; the Pharaoh of Europe is a hateful memory, and his palace follows him into decay.

### THE FIREMAN'S LADDER

The Fire Departments of many American cities are equipping their long ladder-wagons with air-pumps and compressed air for raising the ladders, in order to avoid having to waste time and men in doing it by hand.



## FINANCIAL HEROISM TRIBUTE TO THE SPIRIT OF OUR TAXPAYERS

What the Heaviest-Taxed  
Nation on Earth is Doing  
PAYING AMERICA BACK

By Our Political Correspondent

The words "financial heroism" are those used by a great American newspaper in describing how Great Britain is now paying interest on the huge debt she built up during the war, when she had to buy from America, at high prices, things she could not pay for in ready money.

Enormous debts between nation and nation are owing all round. We are in debt to America; so is France, so is Italy, and both are in debt to us. So is Russia, and Russia also owes vast sums to France. No country except Great Britain is either paying these debts between itself and other nations, or paying the interest on them. Great Britain stands alone in paying what is due; and because she is acting honourably, at any cost, the New York World describes her conduct as heroic. We give some of the statements by which the American newspaper justifies such high praise.

To keep faith with our creditors we are paying larger sums than have ever been paid by one Government to any other Government in the history of the world. We are meeting a debt several times more than the whole indemnity paid by France to Germany in 1871. The interest on the debt is eight shillings a year for every person in the British Isles.

### Paying Our Way

We are paying this though trade is bad and our taxes are the heaviest on Earth, three times heavier than the taxes in America. We are paying our way as the charges fall due, though none of the countries that owe us money for war debts is paying us as we are paying the Americans.

This, says the admiring American journal, is "a finer example of financial heroism than any nation has ever displayed." The C.N. does not mention these facts as something extraordinary, for our country has always paid its way as a matter of course, and so has sustained the tradition of unquestioned honesty that has kept its credit high in the eyes of all the world. We mention the facts for two reasons—because they should be known, and because it is interesting to observe how they strike the impartial American onlooker.

According to British ideas, though the burden is great it would be disgraceful not to pay. We have a national standard of honour that must be upheld. But we may feel some sense of gratification in observing that impartial people, like the Americans, are not blind to the value of British ideas of just dealing.

## MAN WHO RACES A HORSE

Endurance of Kaffir Runners

A reader in Umtata, in the Transkei district of South Africa, gives us an illustration of the physical endurance of the natives.

The running post between Kentani and the sea, a distance of 17 miles, has been doing the work for nearly 30 years. He makes the journey three times a week. His pay is ninepence there and ninepence back.

On many occasions he has started level with people on horseback and has reached his destination level with them. Once, when my mother and several others rode down to the sea, the running post started a few minutes before them. They caught him up on the way, and as they passed him taunted him by telling him to "get up behind."

His reply was, "Go on, you. I'll be at the sea before you."

They laughed and rode on; but when they got to the sea he was sitting on the fence rail waiting for them.

## JUSTICE ON TOUR

Are Assize Towns to go?

A SYSTEM WITH A HISTORY

A movement exists for reducing the number of Assize towns and centring the chief business of the law outside of London in a few conveniently placed cities throughout the country.

It is proposed that, instead of having the 62 Assize towns now visited by judges on circuit, all the provincial Assize business shall be done in 12 cities.

Behind the carrying out of the country's laws by travelling judges there is a fine piece of history that should make us think respectfully about a system which, perhaps, is growing too old.

In the days of feudalism, when noblemen or knights, who were often more French than English, lived in strong castles and ruled the people all around their strongholds, the only confidence the people had that they would be judged according to the law of the land, and not according to the privileges of their local lord, depended on the visits of the King's judges, who were sworn to do justice to all men.

### Safeguard Against Oppression

Then the going to and fro of the judges through the length and breadth of the land was a great safeguard against oppression and cruelty. It was the right of every man that if he were imprisoned by a local lord his body should be produced so that he might be tried fairly. The King's law, like the King's highway, was open equally to noblemen and humble folk.

A system of justice which has such an origin should be treated with respect, but it may have become inconvenient or unnecessary through the changes of centuries and the alteration of the routes and the means of travel.

Whether alterations are needed can only be decided by considering the position of each Assize town and the approaches to it from the many places it serves. But when each place is considered it will be necessary that the convenience of the public shall be safeguarded, and the expenses and loss of time of the many witnesses and jurymen shall be remembered, as well as the convenience of judges and barristers, for from ancient times the aim of those who administered the laws was to bring justice within reach of the people rather than study the interests of a few officials.

### A MAN ALONE

Robinson Crusoe and His  
Wireless

A traveller cruising in the icefields off Spitsbergen has discovered a man living at a wireless station at Green Harbour, a hundred miles from human habitation. He was forty years of age and was quite alone save for six dogs.

Even Robinson Crusoe was better off than that, for he had his man Friday.

For two years the man had led this lonely life, spending most of his time shooting foxes and brown bears. We hope that at least he has books as companions and that he occasionally gets a copy of the C.N.

## DOG GOES TO THE DOCTOR

Learning by Experience

We have had several accounts of dogs that understood the use of a doctor and submitted themselves voluntarily to the veterinary surgeon. Here is another instance, from Glasgow.

A dog that used to go hunting rabbits by itself for a day or two at a time was caught in a trap and had its leg broken. It was taken to the village doctor, who set the limb.

The mishap did not prevent the dog returning to his hunting. Presently it had another accident—very bad laceration by barbed wire. In the morning the doctor found the dog lying at his door on the mat, waiting to be dressed. It had gone to him before it went home, and its master knew nothing of the second accident till the doctor told him.

## CHEAPNESS PAYS

A LESSON WE ARE  
LEARNING

The Railways Make a Great  
Discovery About Fares

WILL THE POST OFFICE  
TAKE THE HINT?

Not long ago many people were complaining of cheapness. They said we could have things too cheap. They did not mind dearness if there was more money to buy the dear things with.

But now more and more people are discovering that cheapness is a bird in the hand which it is very desirable to have. There are people who have not yet discovered it—the Postmaster-General, for instance; but he will, and then he will give the nation back the proud boon and boast of which he has robbed us all—our Penny Post.

Even the railway companies are beginning to see that dearness does not pay. They have kept up the fares to a ridiculous height, with the result that they have lost traffic on every hand. The number of first-class tickets issued in 1921 was only two-thirds of the number issued the year before; the number of second-class tickets was down by one-fifth; and the number of third class by one-sixth.

### When Things are Too Dear

Two things are clear: first, that people are travelling by cheaper classes than heretofore; and that many who would prefer to travel do not travel at all because of the expense. In short, by charging too much the railways are losing money and the public is losing the travel it would like.

It is the same with the people who prefer to sell a small quantity of goods at high prices—such as fruit, for example—to selling a larger amount at a lower price. The growers of the produce suffer; the public does not get the things it needs; and the short-sighted people who bolster up dearness will suffer in the long run.

The truth is that whatever brings advantage to the mass of the general public—as cheapness brings it—is also an advantage to each section of the general public, for each shares in the common benefit, and also finds its own business made more brisk. But it has needed a very great fall in railway business to convince railway managements that dearness and restriction are curses and not blessings.

Will the Post Office take the hint and give us back our cheap post?

## THE LITTLE ELEPHANT

Surprise at the Zoo

We have heard of human Tom Thumbs and of the pigmy men in the forests of Equatorial Africa, and, of course, we know of the various toy dogs that dog-breeders have produced; but pigmy elephants are not so well known, and the young pigmy elephant that has lately arrived at the Zoo will certainly be a surprise to most people.

It has come from that part of Africa known as the French Congo, and has been presented to the Zoo by its captor.

The young pigmy, which is more than a baby, is only an inch over three feet high, and its parents were six feet high.

It would be very interesting if a breed of pigmy elephant—a sort of Shetland pony among elephants—could be produced; for the elephant is an exceptionally intelligent animal, and the size of the common species is a drawback rather than an advantage. Picture on page 12

## WORLD'S MATCHLESS COLOUR BOOK

REMARKABLE PROMISE  
OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA

"Every Fortnight I Will Get  
Better and Better and Better"  
HUNDREDS OF COLOUR PAGES  
COVERING THE WORLD

The Children's Encyclopedia, the entirely new production of which is now brightening up the bookstalls with its gay cover, continues to astonish its readers with its wealth of pictures explaining the world. There will be at least ten thousand pictures altogether.

But this extraordinary book, with so many features that captivate the mind of childhood, is unique in this—that it makes no attempt to put its best goods in the shop window.

### Book of Glowing Pages

It promises, on the other hand, to grow better and better and better every fortnight, and its colour work will make it the most glowing book the children of the world have ever known. It may be questioned, indeed, whether such a book of colour has ever been sent out before in such large numbers.

In addition to the hundreds of pages in photogravure of many tints, the Children's Encyclopedia has in store for its readers hundreds of glorious pages in colour. Here are some of the things they will show:

Every British Nesting Bird  
with its Eggs  
Every British Butterfly  
with its Egg, Caterpillar, and Chrysalis  
Hundreds of Wild Flowers  
Hundreds of Sea Shells  
Hundreds of Insects  
Hundreds of Pictures of Heraldry  
A Hundred Foreign Birds  
One Thousand Flags  
Fishes of our Rivers  
Fishes of our Coasts  
Life on the Seashore  
Fishes of the Oceans  
British Moths and Their Larvae  
Foreign Moths and Butterflies  
British Reptiles  
Berries, Fruits, and Nuts  
One Hundred Minerals  
Grasses under the Microscope  
The Fertilising of Flowers  
Unseen Wonders of a Garden  
Engines of the World  
Illuminated Books of the Past  
Colour of the Old Empires  
Costumes of the Centuries  
The Entire Bayeux Tapestry

The Bayeux tapestry is a striking example of the completeness with which the Children's Encyclopedia has been thought out. Probably for the first time on record this famous old picture made for William the Conqueror, the oldest picture of English history in existence, is reproduced in its full colours in a popular book.

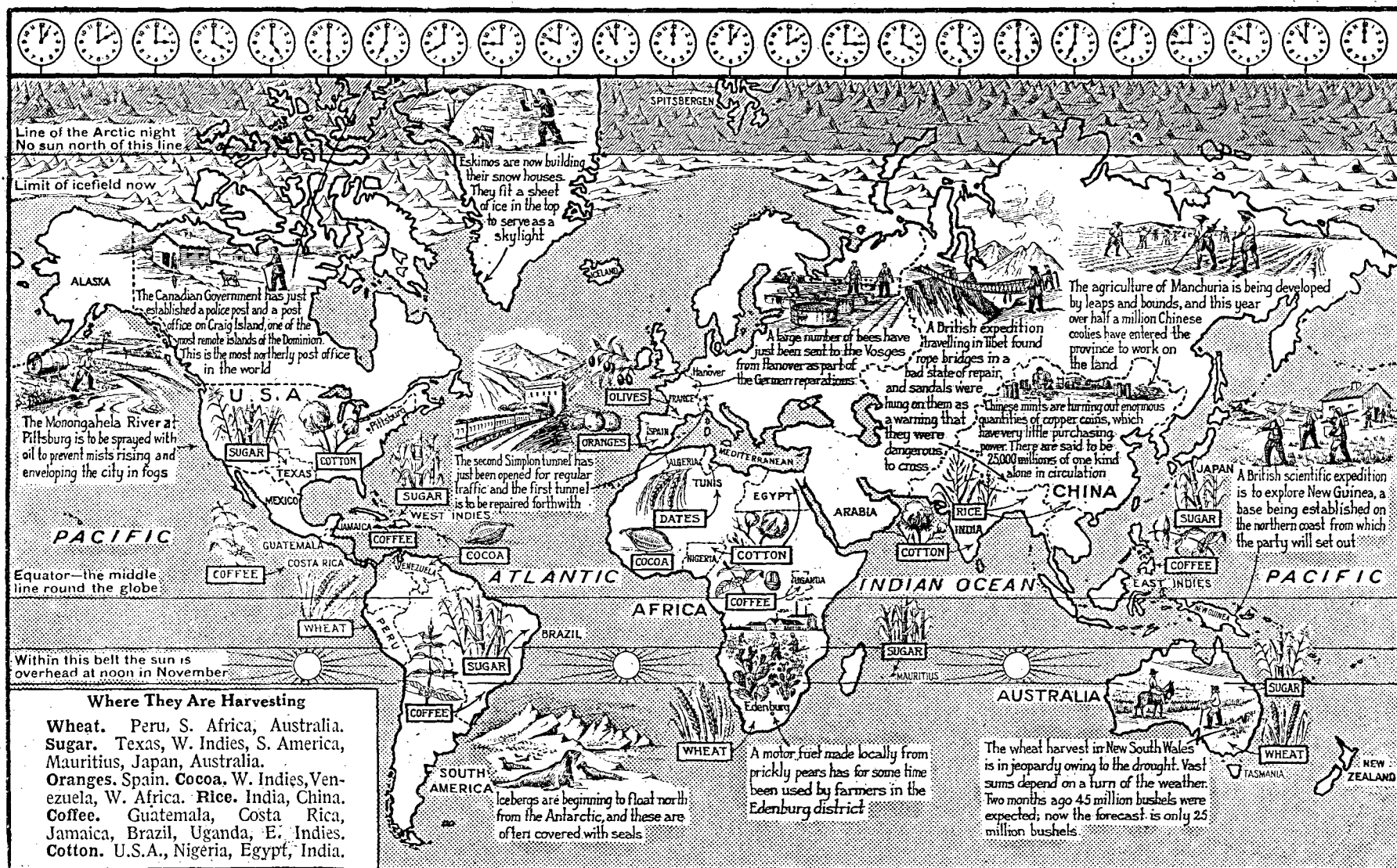
### Thousands of Things in Colour

It is not possible to say how many separate objects—plants, animals, pictures, engines, flags, and so on—there will be in this glowing gallery of colour, but the number will be literally thousands; so that it may be truly said that the colour pages alone will be worth the price of this wonderful book many times over.

No time should be lost by those who have not already placed their orders, for a work with so much colour in it is not easy to reprint, and the more the book is seen the more the demand grows.



# PICTURE-NEWS & TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## COOKING ON A MOUNTAIN

### A Curiosity of Boiling Water WHAT THE EVEREST CLIMBERS MIGHT HAVE DONE

The members of the Mount Everest Expedition found that to boil food at a height of 25,000 feet was rather a useless proceeding, for at that height water boils at a comparatively low temperature—not enough to cook food.

But it would have been possible to raise the boiling point of the water by confining it in a strong air-tight vessel, so that the steam could not escape, and it seems strange that the brave explorers had not such a vessel with them.

The heat of boiling water depends always on the pressure to which the heated water is subjected by the air or steam or other gases above it. At sea-level water boils at 212 degrees Fahrenheit; below sea-level it will boil at a higher temperature, as the atmosphere is deeper and the atmospheric pressure more; and above sea-level it will boil at a lower temperature, as the atmosphere is not so deep, and therefore presses less heavily.

In an air-tight vessel the steam as it formed would gradually increase the pressure on the remaining water, and so raise its boiling point.

## SHILLING-IN-THE-SLOT

### A Machine That Gives Change

A gas meter worked through putting money in a slot has been made so as to give change.

The London gas companies are using it. Put a shilling in the slot and the machine responds by returning twelve pennies, which may be used to buy twelve separate pennyworths of gas.

In some machines, the owners of which have only one penny to play with, the shilling fee will ensure the return of the penny twelve times over.

## UNCONSCIOUS IN THE SKY

### Airman's Remarkable Experience

Lieutenant Maughan of the United States Army, has flown for 160 miles at an average rate of 206 miles an hour, a good deal more than three miles a minute, and the speed was so great at times that he became unconscious.

Lieutenant Maughan's average speed has, however, been exceeded by a Frenchman, who flew 213 miles an hour, and by an Englishman, who flew 212 miles an hour, and it is difficult to understand why a high speed should produce unconsciousness.

At ordinary rates of flying there is little sensation of speed, and probably no airman could tell whether he is flying at 180 miles or 200 miles an hour. It is possible, however, that the rate at which Lieutenant Maughan was flying altered the air-pressure and interfered with his breathing, so producing momentary loss of consciousness.

## THE OLD LADY WHO LIVED ON

### And the Will That Died Itself

Mrs. James Johnston, of Montreal, lived to be more than a hundred years old; and when her will was read it was found that everyone mentioned in it had died before her.

She had arranged legacies for her son James and her daughter Elizabeth, and had required her husband to procure and furnish "my son and daughter with the requisite and proper apparel, board, and lodging, and all other necessities of life until their respective marriages"; but husband, son, and daughter had all gone before her. Not only so, but the lawyers who made the will and the executors were all dead.

One can easily understand how the lonely old lady lost all interest in her money and had no heart to make another will.

## NEW LAW OF KINDNESS BEGINS

### Something Good for Horses

Every lover of animals will rejoice to see that a beginning has been made in carrying out the Animals' Anaesthetic Act passed in the year 1919.

The Act provides that any animal under man's control shall be put under an anaesthetic before it is subjected to treatment that will cause acute pain.

The first case has been tried under the Act in Belfast, and a horse-dealer has been fined £5 for docking a horse's tail without using an anaesthetic.

It is an excellent beginning. The close docking of a horse's tail is only a fashion devised by man to suit a perverted taste. It prevents a horse from using its natural protection against the torment of flies. In unskilled hands the process of docking is very cruel.

If horses are put to a use in which a switching tail would be an inconvenience, the least that can be done is to reduce to the utmost the pain of the necessary treatment; and that will only be brought about when it is certain that any breach of the law will be smartly punished.

In this matter Belfast has given a most desirable lead.

## In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A flag of the Pretender's bodyguard	£400
A pair of old leather water-jacks	£250
A china dessert service	£242
An old wall mirror	£80
An old English clock	£79
Four Chelsea porcelain figures	£43
William and Mary walnut chest	£32
A refectory table	£31
An Elizabethan oak cupboard	£30
Two Charles II period chairs	£30
Staffordshire statuette of St. Paul	£27

## STRANGE HAPPENINGS AT GOLF

### Balls That Collided in the Air AND THE BALL IN A MAN'S POCKET

Strange things sometimes happen on the golf links.

The other day two players near Bath drove off from tees a long way apart. The two balls, driven at right-angles to each other, actually collided in the air. When we consider the small size of a golf ball, and the number of things that affect its flight, we must recognise that the chance of such a collision occurring is almost nothing at all. Probably if ten thousand men drove every day for ten thousand years two balls driven from the same two tees would never collide again.

Another strange thing occurred about the same time on another golf course. A golf ball came to rest after a long drive on the flat top of a narrow fence pole, a pole with such a narrow top that there was hardly room for the ball.

The writer himself once had a queer golf adventure. He was walking, with his umbrella up, along a road which crossed a golf course, and a ball driven from a considerable distance went through his umbrella and dropped into his overcoat pocket.

## FIRST IN THE WORLD

### A Turbine Driven by Mercury

A remarkable development in turbine machinery is heralded by the design of a boiler in which mercury is used instead of water, the mercury vapour working a special low-pressure turbine, which will in turn drive a dynamo generating about 3000 horse-power.

The boiler will contain thirty thousand pounds of mercury, worth several thousands of pounds sterling; but it is estimated that the amount of oil fuel used for heating will be halved. This plant will be the first of its kind.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 4 1922

## The Young Men Have a Word

THERE is no assembly of people more impressive to the thoughtful mind than that of the Oxford or Cambridge Union.

Nowhere else can the future be better gauged; for the students in the great universities who are drawn to the debates will always include an exceptional proportion of the men certain to be leaders in the world of intellect a quarter of a century later.

That being so, we have a right to find great hope for the future in the debate at the Cambridge Union, when Young Cambridge expressed its opinion against school training for war by a majority of more than five to one.

That the Cambridge that will help to shape the nation of the future is thinking soundly on this question is clear to all who have the Great War in mind.

The nation of eight years ago had not had this war training, yet when the need for national defence arose it proved itself capable of doing all that was required of it in discipline, achievement, and self sacrifice; and no army has ever surpassed this army of free and untrained men which sprang up at the call of duty. It did all that was required of it, and did it nobly, with immortal courage and the spirit that conquers death; and in doing it this great free army came to realise that military training is a deadening process, tending to crush out the individuality which is the most essential part of human character.

These free men, responding to the call of freedom, found in militarism a debasing system with certain virtues in it; but they found, also, that whatever physical advantage can be gained from military exercises can be gained as well in other ways, without the suppression of the individual will, which is the very first aim of military training.

Military preparations are an instance of a severe and narrow training that does not fit in with the requirements of practical life. They need a special tone of mind, a mind that is willing to subordinate itself for a form of service that will always be rare, and that mankind prays may never be needed; but to spend the energies of our normal lives for rare and special uses is, apart from all moral views, a waste and perversion of energy.

It is a most encouraging sign of the times that Young Cambridge sees the truth too clearly to be led astray by the nonsense that is talked of the romance and glamour of war. War is neither romantic nor heroic; it is the survival of the beast in man, and Young Cambridge knows a better god to worship than that.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Talk We Pay For

IT is not only war that wastes our money, but even the talk of war. Last year the Government took a shilling off the income tax, and the recent panic of war has taken back a penny of it.

## What Will Happen?

SOMEBODY wants to know what will happen to the population if the War Men are not allowed to kill it off, if the doctors are allowed to wipe out disease, and if little babies are not allowed to die in slums.

We are not troubled about it. We like the old saying that "God sees to it that the trees do not grow into the heavens." And we like to remember that witty saying of Henry George, who was once faced with the same question as to what would happen to all the people when they were grown too many for the earth to feed them.

"If you watched a puppy's tail grow," said Henry George, "you might say to yourself, That tail is growing so fast that when the dog is full-grown the tail will be three times as long as the dog." But it does not happen.

And never will it happen that when war and plague and slums have gone the people will hunger for food. There is enough and to spare in Nature's larder. All we need do is to get it out.

## His Purse

IN Austria, where paper money has now become almost useless, one requires to fill one's pockets with notes to cover even a few days' expenses, and many funny stories are told to illustrate the situation.

We hear, for instance, of a man being told that he must not bring a portmanteau into a restaurant, and replying: "That is not a portmanteau; that is my purse!"

## When David Livingstone Fled

A NEWSPAPER paragraph about an old lady who knew David Livingstone as a minister in Essex has brought out the fact that it was in that county, and not in Scotland, that he once failed completely as a preacher. Livingstone never was a minister anywhere except in the mission field; but as a student he had preaching practice in Essex villages, and it was here that he entered the pulpit, and was so unnerved that all he could say after reading his text was "Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say," and then he rushed from the pulpit and chapel.

That a man like David Livingstone once failed should be an encouragement to all who stumble through want of confidence, for a more courageous man never lived. He who could face an angry lion without a tremor fled from the presence of a village congregation. But he only failed once.

## The Chamber of Horrors

WE see that the Office of Works is still bothering about a home for the Chamber of Horrors, which is costing the hard-pressed taxpayers about £1000 a week. It is actually suggested that a new building should be put up for the War Museum.

That would be a scandal too great for words while many of the men who won the war are without homes, or even without bread. We suggest once more that the Office of Works should seriously consider our original suggestion of housing the whole War Museum at the bottom of the sea.

## Tip-Cat

A MUNDSEN says a man can live at the North Pole. Now we shall be having another housing problem.

THE Kaiser has fixed the day of Gunpowder Treason for his new wedding. It seems the right day.

A CONTEMPORARY wonders why the girl of today is different from the pre-war girl. Because she is not the same one.

THE Turks are firm believers in the old proverb that Th' race is to the swift.

ALL women, writes a philosopher, are sisters under the skin. Just a question of skinship.

LENIN has bought a farm. We hope he will live on it.

How tremendous a thing

is journalism for men! Half the papers in England had a paragraph the other day because a Prime Minister's secretary called at a library to refer to a book.

WE live in trying days. Most people seem willing to try anything.

## The Broken Word

THOSE who are not very particular what tricks they play with our noble English language are generally rather tragical, but are unconsciously humorous at times. One of the familiar absurdities is the making of announcements across doors or windows so that the effect is absurd if the door or window opens.

A case has been brought to our notice where this is done at a coal office, this inscription being printed across the window:

COAL ORDER  
OFFICE

The window opens, and this is what we read:

COAL ORDER  
OFFICE

A good advertisement perhaps in June, but not very good in December!

## Comrades All

By Harold Begbie

SHARE all things with your fellow men—  
Your wit, your joy, your strength, your power—  
And share the desperate struggle when  
Temptation strikes its baleful hour.

KEEP nothing evil hid. In prayer  
Tell God what sins your spirit bind;  
In talk with others let fresh air  
Sweep through the secrets of your mind.

BE open as the day: confess  
To him you make your chosen friend  
How oft in shame and black distress  
Your wrestlings with temptation end.

No more in secret groan and brood,  
No more alone seek strength and light;  
Step forth from shaming solitude  
And in the open fight your fight:

THE glorious fight of soul with sin,  
The fight which is the fight of all;  
Ask God for strength to help you win,  
Let comrades lift you when you fall.

## The White Tents Go Up

By Our Country Girl

LIKE a crop of mushrooms, like something made out of nothing by a witch, a camp of white tents sprang up under our windows.

While we were still pinching ourselves to see if we were awake, there was a blare of martial music, and a khaki snake was seen to be wriggling across the valley toward us. Excitement was intense. Tradesmen rubbed their hands; residents wrung theirs.

"If they aren't tootling on bugles and clicking their heels," cried one householder, "they'll be playing mouth-organs and singing comic songs. Baby will never get to sleep."

A neighbour said soothingly: "I dare say they will turn out to be very well-behaved, quiet fellows." "But," retorted the indignant one, "there are over a thousand of them. Why, we should hear it if a thousand men merely snored!"

## The Student's Prayer

Almighty God, in whose hands are all the powers of man; who givest understanding, and takest it away; who, as it seemeth good unto Thee, enlightenest the thoughts of the simple and darkenest the meditations of the wise, be present with me in my studies and inquiries.

Grant, O Lord, that I may not lavish away the life Thou hast given me on useless trifles, nor waste it in vain searches after things which Thou hast hidden from me. DR. JOHNSON



## GAMBLING ON THE WEATHER

### COPYING AN OLD GAME FROM THE EAST

#### Odd Things About Insuring Against Rain

#### MISUSE OF THE RAIN GAUGE

By Our Weather Correspondent

The story is told that not very many years ago a new game was invented somewhere in India.

The game was not one of those healthy forms of physical recreation in which British people take a natural delight: it was merely a form of gambling, and the story would not be worth recalling but for the fact that under a slightly different form this particular kind of gambling threatens to be revived today.

The Indian game was simply betting a sum of money on the amount of rain measured in the rain gauge on a certain day. In India the rainfall during the south-west monsoon period, which lasts from about May till August, is so tremendous that it forces itself upon everyone's attention. The quantities which fall are so large that it requires a great deal of skill to make a correct guess.

#### Many People Lose their Money

This peculiar "sport" grew so popular and such large sums of money were lost on it by foolish people, that many were ruined, and in the end the Government found it necessary to make the game illegal.

The sequel is interesting. During the last few years there has been introduced in this country and in America a form of insurance against rain. The insured person pays a certain sum to an insurance company and names a day upon which he wishes to be insured. If that day is fine the insurance company keeps the money, but if it is wet it pays to the holder of the policy a considerably larger sum.

#### Compensation for Bad Weather

The practice of insuring against rain is undoubtedly very useful because many business people are apt to lose seriously if the weather is unexpectedly bad. For example, it is often very expensive to organise a meeting to take place in the open air, and such meetings have to be arranged many weeks in advance, long before it is possible to foretell the weather. If the chosen day is wet very few people come to the meeting and a great deal of money is lost.

Much in the same way many a man or woman who gets only a short holiday in the year likes to feel that if the weather is bad some compensation can be obtained through an insurance policy.

#### Wise Precautions Against Risks

These are good and proper uses of insurance, wise precautions against risks from which we have no other means of defending ourselves.

There are, however, several serious objections to the system at present used. An ordinary policy undertakes that the sum insured will be paid if a certain amount of rain falls on a fixed day, or series of days, at the nearest official rain gauge to the place mentioned.

Now, whether a day's pleasure or work is spoiled by rain does not depend upon how much rain falls so much as how long it takes to fall. If it rains very hard for a few minutes and the rest of the day is fine more rain may be found in the rain gauge than if it drizzles slowly for five

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A branch of the League of Nations has just been started at St. Mary's, in the Scilly Islands.

The Urban Council of Dolgelly, in North Wales, is considering a scheme to use the local waterfalls for generating electricity for lighting purposes.

#### An Air Stowaway

An air stowaway has arrived in Cleveland from Detroit on one of the United States mail planes. He was hidden among some empty mailbags.

#### Long Service

A firm in West Bromwich has 200 employees whose total service amounts to 8000 years. The oldest employee has been there nearly 70 years.

#### Lost and Found

Noticing a large number of seagulls swarming round a floating object off the South Foreland, some Deal fishermen put out to the spot and found 34 new herring nets, valued at £70, which they had lost in a storm.

A ring made for George III has just been bequeathed to the City of London. Instead of a stone it has a small repeater watch.

New York is to have another fifteen-storey hotel, costing over seven million pounds. Prohibition is clearly good for the hotel business.

#### Money in the Potato

A woman sorting potatoes at Nocton, in Lincolnshire, noticed something bulging out of one, and discovered it was half-a-sovereign.

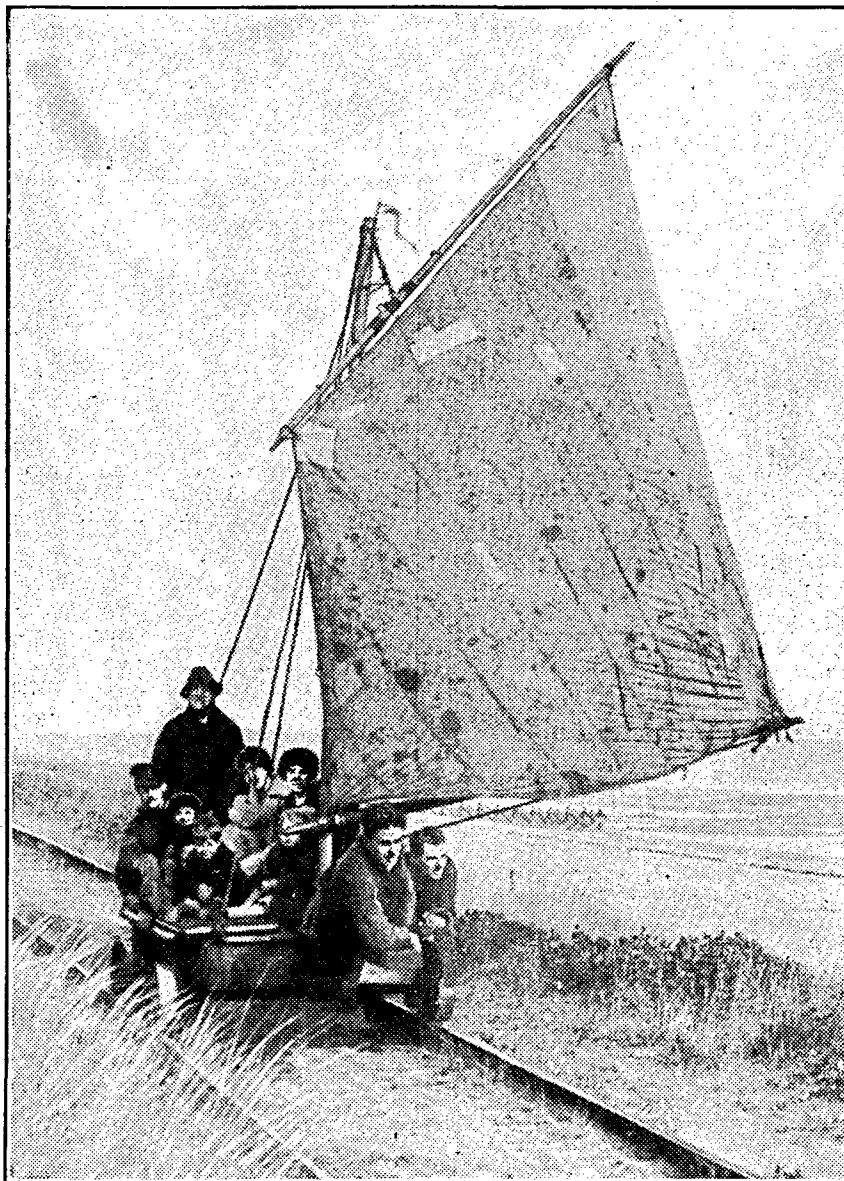
#### Majestic Lights

For lighting purposes no fewer than fifteen thousand electric globes are installed on the giant White Star liner Majestic, the largest vessel in the world.

#### Cat Jumps Through a Window

A cat was dozing on the kerb in Camden Town, London, when a passing motor-car startled it, and it sprang clean through a shop window. The cat was practically unhurt.

## A WIND RAILWAY IN YORKSHIRE



A novel form of transport is to be seen in the North of England. On the light railway running from Spurn Head to Kilnsea, a distance of three miles, a truck has been fitted with a ship's sail and is driven up and down the line by the wind, as shown here

Continued from the previous column

or six hours. There is no doubt that the drizzly day will be far more uncomfortable and keep far more people from going out of doors than the day with a short, sharp shower.

Again, the nearest official rain gauge may be, and often is, several miles away. Rain showers, especially in summer, when most insurance policies are taken out, are often very local. It may rain hard where the holiday-maker is and not rain at all, or only very little, where the rain gauge is. On the other hand, it may rain heavily in the neighbourhood of the gauge while the sun is shining brightly a few miles away.

In these circumstances rainfall insurance deteriorates into little more than

betting a sum of money against a larger sum as to how much water will be found in a certain rain gauge at a certain time. This is exactly the Indian game again.

There is no doubt a great deal of genuine weather insurance, which protects business men and pleasure-seekers from risks of loss of money or health; but it is said that the past wet summer in the United States caused rainfall insurance to become so popular as to be a craze and that enormous sums of money changed hands.

It is certain that in many cases the "insured" were merely making use of the opportunity for indulging in a new form of gambling, the uncertainties of the ordinary games of chance being replaced by the vagaries of the weather.

## TRADE A LITTLE BETTER

### THE EXPORTS WE MUST MAKE

#### A Hopeful Sign in the Business of September

### WAR MEANS POVERTY FOR BRITAIN

By Our Economic Correspondent

Every month the Board of Trade adds up the values, and in some cases the quantities, of all the goods that come into the country and go out of it, and so we get what are called the Board of Trade Returns of Imports and Exports.

In the middle of last year, when the great coal dispute occurred, our exports fell to a very low level—so low that if it had continued the nation would have been ruined. Since then things have been better, although they are still far from good. In September we exported more goods than in any other previous month this year.

It helps us to remember how enormous a trade we have to do to keep our people going when we see that, although trade is what we call bad, it then amounted in exports alone to £69,000,000. The fact is that we have to do much more than that to maintain the comfort of our great population, which now approaches 48 million people.

#### Paying for Imports

We also ought to remember why we send goods out of the country.

We do so to pay for the imports of goods which we need. There are so many foods and raw materials which either we do not produce ourselves at all, or which we cannot produce in sufficient quantity for our big population. We have only to think of such things as cotton, jute, asbestos, mahogany, india-rubber, gutta-percha, tea, coffee, cocoa, oranges, and bananas to realise that unless we send out goods to earn the means to bring other goods in we should not be very comfortable.

And it is not only that there are many things we entirely lack. There are plenty of others, such as tin, zinc, copper, wool, timber, wheat, meat, and oil seeds, which we can at best not produce in quantities enough for our own needs. We have, therefore, to earn them from abroad by exporting things such as coal, iron, engines, machinery, cotton and woollen cloths, which we can make in very big quantities.

#### If We Had No Exports

It all comes to this—that without enormous exports with which to earn imports we should be a poor people.

One of our main exports used to be iron, but since the war we have neither been producing nor exporting much metal.

It is good to see that in September our blast furnaces produced 430,000 tons of pig-iron. This is far better than in any other month this year or last, but it is only about one-half of the amount of pig-iron we produced in a month before the war. We have yet a very long way to go before we recover our pre-war prosperity, and we shall never do as well as we used to do until the world has settled down to a real peace. War means poverty for the British people.

## A GOOD WORD FOR MARLBOROUGH

### Story of Long Ago

A correspondent sends us a note about the Duke of Marlborough which should be given as an offset to an unfavourable opinion of him recently expressed in the C.N.

On the eve of a battle the Duke set a guard of soldiers round the granaries of his enemy, and the following morning had the corn transported to a safe place, that the peasants of the devastated land might not suffer from famine after the tide of war had passed.



## COURAGE OF THREE DOCTORS

### Risk and Sacrifice for the Race

#### HEROES OF TUNIS

Three doctors, named Nicolle, Connor, and Conseil, of the Tunis School of Medicine, have been trying for months to find out a serum against cholera.

To prove the curative value of one of the serums with which they had been experimenting they had the courage to infect themselves with the poison of the disease and afterwards inoculate themselves with the serum.

Luckily the serum proved to be effective, and all three doctors recovered. But they ran the risk of dying of a terrible and painful disease, and showed great heroism in the cause of science and humanity.

Such heroism on the part of doctors is not uncommon. The late Professor Maguire, of Brompton Hospital, when seeking a cure for consumption, injected solutions of formaldehyde into his own veins in order to discover how strong solutions might be given without danger, and he allowed the writer to practise such injections on him.

#### Two Gallant Soldiers

During investigations into the causes of malaria Dr. Sambon and Dr. G. W. Low lived for three months during the hottest and most unhealthy time of the year on the edge of a plague-stricken swamp outside Rome; and Dr. Thorburn Manson allowed forty infected mosquitoes to bite him, and thereby contracted malaria.

More heroic still was the self-sacrifice shown by American doctors investigating yellow fever in Cuba. They submitted themselves to ghastly and loathsome experiments; and two doctors, Dr. W. Lazear and Dr. James Carroll, who voluntarily allowed themselves to be bitten by infected mosquitoes, died of the disease. Part Three of the Children's Encyclopedia shows a picture of the courageous sacrifice of a doctor and two soldiers in similar experiments.

Such heroism is as great as the heroism of any winner of a Victoria Cross, and it is worth more to humanity, for victories over malaria, yellow fever, and cholera open up new lands to civilisation, and save multitudes of men from disease, suffering, and death.

## STATUES SAVED FROM THE SEA

### Removed After 2000 Years A GREEK CARGO REACHES TUNIS AT LAST

More than 2000 years ago a Greek ship travelling from Greece to Northern Africa, carrying beautiful columns for the adornment of stately buildings, was wrecked in the Bay of Tunis.

Recently some sponge fishermen found the place where the ancient galley had lain so long under the waters, and the French Government sent down divers to search the wreck.

The discoveries they made were curious, as may now be seen in the Bardo Palace at Tunis, where the objects retrieved from 2000 years of soaking by the sea are exhibited.

The 60 marble columns, with ornamental art work, have been honey-combed by the corroding waters, but the bronze statuary, some of it very fine in character, has borne its long immersion well, particularly the pieces that had become embedded in the sandy floor of the sea.

The pieces recovered include exquisite statues with Greek inscriptions, drinking vessels, and household furniture, such as beds, chairs, kettles, and various cooking utensils.

The ship was also loaded with ingots of lead, and one of its lead anchors weighed over 1400 pounds.

## RAW MATERIALS OF KNOWLEDGE

### Work of the Smithsonian Men

#### RELICS OF AGES PAST

Founded by James Smithson for the "increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," the Smithsonian Institution at Washington is ever actively engaged in the fascinating pursuit of collecting the materials on which we may base a true knowledge of the Past.

Year by year its research parties are busy throughout the world, and bring back much valuable and interesting material to the collections of the National Museum.

A new specimen of mastodon, a large armoured glyptotherium, and a large and small species of camel were among the fossil remains of prehistoric American animals which were recently brought back from Arizona in 24 boxes. This collection, which weighed 5000 pounds, represents practically a new fauna of the Pliocene Age, containing about 60 backboneed species, the majority of which are mammals.

From the Dominican Republic were brought 4000 plants, and bird skins, eggs, land shells, and rare specimens of pottery and native implements.

Insects were studied in Alaska, and 10,000 specimens collected. Nowhere was the common house-fly found, and grasshoppers were scarce; but mosquitoes, bees, wasps, and horse-flies—called moose-flies because the moose is more common in Alaska than the horse—were numerous. In the long Alaska days bees were seen at work as late at night as half-past ten.

Not without peril was all this work done. One geological party exploring the rugged region of the Canadian Rockies, with its rushing rivers and snow-capped peaks, was driven back by heavy snow which blotted out the trail, and during the whole of a seven-hours march was swept into their faces by a stinging east wind.

## FUNGUS COSTS A FORTUNE

### Great Destruction of Trees

The tree and the fungus have been living together for many millions of years, and they both belong to the vegetable kingdom; yet the little fungus often attacks and kills its big brother, and when a tree is cut into timber the timber is often ruined by fungus that feeds upon it.

In America it is reported that millions of pounds' worth of timber are destroyed in this way every year. The fungus spreads through the wood as a network of fine threads, and as it spreads it stains the wood yellow, green, blue, or red. It forms many spores, or seeds, too, and these are carried far and wide, infecting more and more timber.

At present no remedy is known, but no doubt in time one will be discovered. It is strange to think that a tiny vegetable can do so much damage.

## SURREY BY THE SEA

### A Discovery and a Look-Back

When workmen, in the course of constructing a road, made a deep cutting in Cobham Woods, in Surrey, they laid bare what looked like a seam of coal. But geologists soon investigated the matter, and found that it was not a seam of hard coal, but was vegetation turned into the half-wood, half-coal substance known as lignite.

The lignite had been formed ages ago in an estuary of the sea, which at that time ran right up into Surrey.

Such lignite is one of the stages in the making of coal, and in time might grow into the best anthracite. It is interesting, at least, to find it in the course of manufacture, and to have one more proof of the former presence of the sea right in the heart of Surrey.

## C.N. COUNTRY POSTBOX

Our Country Post Box is full of interesting things, and we give a few of them here.

#### NERO SOLVES A PROBLEM

Dogs have a keen knowledge of what belongs to their masters. Here is a story on the point from a reader in Scotland.

My father's collie Nero deserved a better name. Poultry was kept for the use of the household, but the number of eggs, it was observed, grew smaller than they should have been. So Nero was let loose at night and told to watch.

Early the next morning my father heard cries of distress, and, going out, saw a woman lying on the grass in front of the house with Nero's paws on her chest, holding her down.

By her lay a basket with broken eggs. When Nero saw his master he left the woman and came up wagging his tail, as much as to say, "You see, I have done my duty."

The woman confessed she had stolen the eggs several times.

#### THE TOWN CHILD IN THE COUNTRY

Here is a letter showing the town child observant in the country.

I have just returned from a delightful holiday in the country.

There, for the first time, I saw the steady light of the glow-worm. It looks so wonderful at night, and yet how insignificant it is in the daytime!

When I saw it I was returning from a farm where they kept a tame jay and magpie. When they were hungry these birds came to the house with their beaks wide open, and made noises for the bread and milk they knew they would get.

One day my cousin and I found feathers scattered about, and blew them into the air. A number of swallows were flying around, and when they saw the feathers they swooped down on them and carried them off to their nests.

#### PUSSY'S MILK BASIN

A Scottish reader gives an illustration of the kindness toward animals that is happily very widespread in Great Britain.

Sitting at the window, I saw a milkman who is very fond of animals stop his cart and buy a cabbage for his horse.

While he was feeding and petting the well-fed animal a cat ran across the road to investigate a piece of cabbage that had fallen. As it was roaming round the milkman went to the back of his cart, drew out a little milk in the can, and poured it into a tiny hole in the road, much to the joy of the cat.

Now that cat knows her friend's bell, and she has a drink from that wee hole nearly every day.

#### WHO SAYS SHEEP ARE SILLY?

A North Yorkshire reader gives an account of a scene which seems to suggest that some sheep are labelled when they are called silly.

I witnessed a remarkable scene the other day. I was in a stone quarry, and in the field near by are some sheep. When the men in the quarry start blasting all the sheep run under the wall and stay there till the blasting ceases.

Before the blasting begins a man is sent down the road to warn people. As soon as he appears and shouts "Fire!" the sheep know what is going to happen, and run for shelter.

While I was there it started thundering, and all the sheep ran for shelter, thinking it was blasting; but as it did not stop in five or ten minutes they looked out to see what had happened.

#### KITTEN RESCUED BY A DOG

This is a Walthamstow story of animal helpfulness for another animal.

While my sister and I were sitting still our dog went up to the chest of drawers and started moaning and clawing at one of the drawers.

When we pulled out the drawer he had been clawing there, at the back, in the recess, was our little kitten.

When we took her out the dear old dog went to her and licked her.

We discovered afterwards that the drawer had been taken out some time before and the kitten had then climbed in.

## LIVING LIGHTS OF THE WORLD

### THE GLOW-WORM'S LAMP Delicate Instrument that Tests Its Strength

#### HOW A MICROBE SHINES

How many candle-power is the light of a glow-worm?

This interesting question is actually engaging the attention of the scientist, not only because science seeks the facts about even the tiniest things in Nature, but because the idea of obtaining light from the phosphorescent microbes, vegetables, fishes, and insects which abound in the world has taken a practical form, and by studying the methods of Nature to produce light from food the chemist may one day learn the secret of turning matter into light.

Most of us are familiar with the beautiful bluish glow of the sea at night, caused by the foam of a ship travelling through water charged with billions upon billions of minute luminous animals. But many vegetables produce light also; minute mosses abound in the mysterious subterranean galleries of mines which make a sort of sombre moonlight, familiar to many a miner in the warmer countries.

#### Mushrooms that Shine

In Brazil and certain parts of Australia these tiny moulds, veritable mushrooms of the underworld, glow with so wonderful a light that a miner can tell the time by his watch or read a newspaper.

When an engineer measures the power of a gas or electric lamp he does so by comparing it with a light of known power, known as a standard light or candle, and he uses an instrument for the purpose called a photometer. An English scientist has recently invented a photometer with which he can register the light emitted by glow-worms or by colonies of phosphorescent bacteria grown in little tubes upon a tasty nutritive jelly which contains all the delectable morsels that help them to make light most abundantly. A French professor named Dubois has made a microbe lamp with which he can read at night.

Many gallons of motor spirit are made by fermenting grain, straw, potatoes, wood-pulp, and so on, with the help of bacteria; why should we not one day make light enough to illumine the homes of hundreds of people with their help?

#### Turning Food Into Light

The chemist has recently discovered how the microbe makes its light. In digesting its food it converts one substance into another, and during this chemical change light is produced.

By further study it may be possible to learn how to produce light by a similar chemical process for which we may not even need the help of the glow-worm, the microbe, or the fungus.

These are days when science gives us the most unexpected results, when things that seem impossible and even ridiculous are made possible and practicable. Is it not possible that the insect and the microbe—which produce, for their size, an astonishing amount of light from very slender material—may reveal to science a new source of light with real uses in the world of tomorrow?

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Aldebaran . . . . .	Al-deb-ah-ran
Allegro . . . . .	Ahl-lay-gro
Antares . . . . .	An-tay-reez
Dubois . . . . .	Du-bwah
Lycidas . . . . .	Lis-e-dass
Seattle . . . . .	Se-at-tel
Shanghai . . . . .	Shang-hi
Thylacine . . . . .	Thy-la-sin



## THE WEEK IN HISTORY

## GREAT JOHN MILTON

Next Poet to Shakespeare in  
the Niche of Fame

## BLIND CHAMPION OF LIBERTY

Nov. 5. Battle of Inkerman . . . . .	1854
6. Colley Cibber born in London . . . . .	1671
7. Li Hung Chang died at Peking . . . . .	1901
8. Milton died in London . . . . .	1674
9. King Edward VII born in London . . . . .	1841
10. Mohammed born at Mecca . . . . .	570
11. Dresden surrendered to Allies . . . . .	1813

John Milton, by far the greatest of the English poets who in a formal way set out to be poets, died on November 8, 1674.



John Milton

Shakespeare, who ranks far above Milton, wrote but little verse in a formal way, as if by an effort. His most splendid work seems to have come naturally to him, as a part of his daily life as a dramatist and actor.

But Milton meant to be a poet from his childhood, and spent the first 30 years of his life largely in preparing for poetic composition, as a vocation to which he was dedicated in the sight of God. During those 30 years he wrote enough verse, lofty and exquisite, to prove his right to choose the poet's career as his own.

His father, a prosperous Londoner, sent him to Cambridge, and then kept him living an independent life in the country while he established himself as a poet by such finely polished compositions as the *Allegro*, the *Penseroso*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. The *Nativity Hymn* had been written earlier.

## Searching for a Subject

At the age of 30 Milton was beyond comparison the choicest poet of his day, a scholar, and a travelled man of the world, and he had been busy searching for a subject for some great poem which would be a masterpiece and would rank him with the few mighty minds that rule throughout the ages.

Then came the great Civil War, followed by the Commonwealth, and England was thrown into confusion. Milton was a Puritan and Parliamentarian, and for twenty years put aside his poetical ideals and plunged into the thick of the political fray. He became the Secretary of Foreign Tongues of Cromwell's Government, his duty being to draft diplomatic correspondence in Latin, and lost himself in the controversies of the day, political and religious.

## Three Great Poems

But meantime he had become blind, which drove him back from activity to reflection. Cromwell died, confusion followed, and Milton's party lost power and became in danger from persecution. Then he retired into quietness, and resumed, when past 50, the poetic plans of his youth.

And so he came to write the three great religious poems of his maturer years—*Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*.

The great poem that fulfils Milton's youthful dream is *Paradise Lost*, the stateliest epic in the English language and one of the noblest and most sustained flights of imagination ever conceived by the mind of man. No one who has not read it knows the full dignity of the English tongue.

Besides being a poet of stupendous power, relieved by alluring beauty, John Milton was also one of the most eloquent writers of English prose, particularly when his subject was the sacredness of liberty of the mind in seeking truth.

LAST PATCH OF  
SUMMER

Flowers Fast Disappearing

BIRDS ARRIVING FROM  
THE NORTH

By Our Country Correspondent

November has a festival, St. Martin's, said to bring a last patch of summer; and it is common experience that soft, warm, clear days come in mid-November as certainly as last frosts in mid-May.

During this warm spell there are many things to see among birds, among four-footed animals, among insects, among plants, inland or by the sea, in the garden or in the field.

Sir Herbert Maxwell says somewhere that one of his fairest memories of any day in any month was a walk on a clear November morning to the sea-coast of Scotland, where he saw two whales playing by the shore. Most of us cannot get quite so big a harvest of observation as that, but there is much to interest in every country lane and town garden.

In the autumn the bright leaves take the place of flowers. Those flowers of the year which are still bright in early November almost all die down before it is over—the flowers of the cherries, which are, perhaps, the reddest; the flowers of the maple, some of which are red, some yellow; and the flowers of the spindle-tree, which has more colour than any other; and the yellow flowers of the elms, which more than any other trees are the making of English scenery.

You will see, this month, the last of the scarlet ropes of berry on the white bryony and the cuckoo-pint berries.

## Manoeuvres of the Starlings

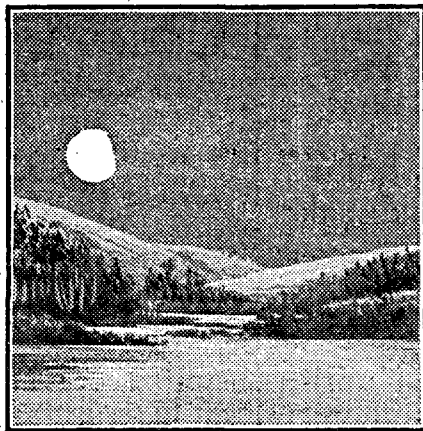
Now is the time to watch the wonderful manoeuvres of the armies of starlings, and to find out what they feed on, to notice how the pigeons and larks increase in number as the foreigners arrive from Scandinavia.

Plover, both green and golden, will suddenly swarm on certain favourite meadows any November day, and will, for a while, remain very faithful to the spot. The chuckle of the fieldfares, which are of the thrush tribe, becomes one of the most noticeable sounds, and quick eyes—but they must be quick—will note that redwings are among the thrushes and the fieldfares.

Most delightful of all bird sights is the play of the long-tailed tits, which keep together in families. Are there any other birds, except these tits and partridges, which keep up the family group into winter?

The last remnants of the summer are going, but chrysanthemums flower bravely in the garden, an odd rose or two survives, and if you go to the right places you may still collect quite a bouquet of wild flowers and grasses. The glorious season of summer is not over so soon as most people think.

## THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 8 p.m., Greenwich time, on Nov. 7

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

## Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card. Name and address must always be given.

## Do We Get Seal-skin from all Seals?

No; it is obtained from the fur-bearing seals, which have a dense undergrowth of fur; they are called hair seals.

## Is the Natterjack to be Found in England?

The natterjack is one of our two native toads, but is not so numerous as its kindred, the common toad.

## Has a Boa-constrictor Poison Fangs?

Neither the boa-constrictor nor the order of snakes to which it belongs has poison. It kills by crushing its prey.

## What is the Difference Between Ruffs and Reeves?

These are birds belonging to the Tattler group. The ruff is the male bird, the reeve the hen.

## What is Meant by a Giant Salamander?

The word giant is used to mark the creature's superiority in size to the rest of the salamanders. A giant salamander is four or five feet long.

## Are Alligators Unable to Turn Their Heads?

Unless they turn their bodies they cannot turn their heads. The bones of the neck are so formed that the head must be kept in a straight line.

## Are There Wolves in Australia?

No; though there is an animal called the Tasmanian wolf. This, the *Thylacine*, is no wolf, but is so called because of its points of resemblance to a wolf.

## Is there any Connection Between the Daddy-long-legs and the Wireworm?

No; the daddy-long-legs is the crane fly, one of the Diptera, or two-winged insects, whereas the wireworm is the larva of any of several species of skip-jack beetles.

## Do We Get Our Domesticated Cats From the British Wild Cats?

Our domestic cats descend from an Egyptian or African species. Our wild cats are surly and untamable.

## Has Africa All the Animals Common to Other Hot Countries?

Africa has hundreds of species unknown elsewhere, but she lacks the tiger and the wolf, and her bears are restricted to the Atlas Mountains.

## What are Frigate Birds?

They are allied to pelicans, but are brilliant fliers. They employ their speed and strength to rob other birds when they are returning landwards filled with fish from the sea.

## Do Any Birds Have Tail-Bones?

No existing birds have tail-bones, though ancient birds all had them. In modern birds all the vertebrae of the backbone are joined in one solid piece to give strength for flying.

## How do Sea Anemones Multiply?

In different ways. Sometimes they divide into two, as when one takes a mussel into its stomach and is unable to get rid of the shell in any other way. After splitting, each of the two halves grows into a complete anemone. Usually, however, multiplication is by the development of eggs cast out through the mouth of the anemone.

## Newspaper Notes and Queries

**What is Point Net?** In lace manufacture this is a net made by means of a needle.

**What does R.S.E. mean?** Royal Society of Edinburgh.

**Who was the Quaker Poet?** A name given to the American poet Whittier, and also to an English poet, Bernard Barton, a member of the Society of Friends, who died in 1849.

**Who was Elia?** Charles Lamb, who under this name wrote a series of famous essays, which ran through *The London Magazine* and was afterwards published in volume form.

**What is the Silver Wolf?** An award of high merit to King's Scouts for long service, high efficiency, and for performing an exceptional piece of scout work. It is worn round the neck on a green and yellow ribbon.

## ECLIPSE OF A STAR

RARE SIGHT IN THE  
NIGHT SKY

Moon Hides a Giant Sun from  
Our View

HAS THE EARTH'S COMPANION  
AN ATMOSPHERE?

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

If it is fine on Monday evening next it will be possible to see the somewhat rare phenomenon of the Moon passing in front of a first-magnitude star; this is what is known as an occultation.

Smaller stars are frequently occulted, but the brilliance of the Moon so obscures their feeble light that the occurrence is practically invisible without telescopic aid. There are but four first-magnitude stars that it is possible for the Moon to hide from us. These are *Regulus*, *Spica*, *Antares*, and *Aldebaran*, since these alone lie near her path.

It is *Aldebaran* that we hope to see occulted next Monday evening, but it must be remembered that, although on a dark, starlight night this star shines very bright and with an intense rosy tint, yet he will appear not nearly so bright when near the radiant and almost full Moon; so a pair of opera or field glasses will be a great help when watching the approach of the brilliant edge of our satellite as it comes between us and *Aldebaran*.

## When to Look for the Eclipse

The actual time of disappearance is eight minutes past ten, but observers should look much earlier than this so as to see the Moon gradually approach the star. She will rise about six o'clock in the north-east, so, supposing observation begins between 7 and 8 p.m., *Aldebaran* will be found slightly below and to the east of our satellite and a little more than the Moon's apparent width away.

As 10 o'clock approaches *Aldebaran* will be seen very near to the left side and just about halfway between the north and south points of the Moon, but the precise moment of disappearance will be quite impossible to see without telescopic aid, as it happens to occur at the bright side of the Moon.

## A Star Reappears

Those who care to watch for the reappearance of the star at twenty minutes past eleven will have the advantage of seeing it, as it were, suddenly come into existence at the opposite side of the Moon; for this, the western side, is not lit up quite to the edge by the Sun, as the Moon is past the full and on the wane. *Aldebaran* will, in consequence, reappear from the dark edge of the Moon, therefore the exact moment can be more easily recorded.

It is this suddenness of the star's disappearance and reappearance that has for so long been regarded as one of the chief and most conclusive proofs that the Moon has no atmosphere, but some observers, testing by most precise measurements the length of time that the star is occulted, find that this is not quite so conclusive as was thought.

## Effect of an Atmosphere

For the time that the star should remain obscured is known to a second, but it does not always reappear at the precise moment that it should according to calculation.

Now, if the Moon had an atmosphere the star would, owing to the effect of the atmospheric refraction, reappear a trifle sooner; we should see it, in fact, before it was actually there. On the other hand, if the star reappeared at the end of a deep valley on the Moon, which owing to the darkness would be invisible, the star would thus also reappear sooner than if it became visible over some lunar mountain tops. So whether the Moon has absolutely no atmosphere is not quite conclusively proved so far.

G. F. M.



# THE HOUSE OF SILENCE

A School Story  
With a Mystery

Told by T. C. Bridges,  
the C.N. Storyteller

## CHAPTER 26

### A Word with Slogger

RAY CARTWRIGHT, a little pale and limping a trifle but otherwise quite himself again, was walking with Jimmy along the quiet path leading up under the elms in the playing-field.

It was the morning after the match and the free hour between school and dinner. Ray had persuaded the doctor to let him out early, for he had been anxious not to miss a single hour from work.

He had met with a most cheery reception from the Form, the majority at any rate, and his eyes were still sparkling with the unwonted excitement of feeling himself a popular person.

Jimmy, on the other hand, was very silent, and Ray was troubled to see how worried he looked.

"What's up?" he asked quietly when he was sure no one was within earshot. "There's something worrying you. I can see that."

"You're right, Ray. There is. Did you hear about this last piece of stealing?"

"Yes; I heard about it in the sick room. Beaky Sharp had his watch bagged. It's pretty rotten, Jimmy, but I don't see why it should worry you particularly."

Jimmy looked at Ray, and Ray saw that his face was very solemn.

"Do you remember that day we first met in the old house?"

"Why, of course. But what about it?"

"Do you remember the man who tackled me?"

"Yes, and I remember how puzzled we were because he had a look of dear old Slogger."

"I saw him again yesterday outside my laboratory, and, Ray, it was Slogger."

Ray stared in silence.

"And that was just after the watch was stolen," went on Jimmy.

There was silence a moment, then Ray spoke.

"Jimmy, you're not trying to persuade yourself that Slogger was the thief?" he said sharply.

"Persuade myself!" echoed Jimmy bitterly. "Man alive, it's the other way on. I'm trying to kid myself it couldn't have been Slogger."

"But what nonsense, Jimmy! Of all people in the world Slogger would be the very last to do a beastly thing like that."

"So I should have thought. But that's the second time he's been in there, and each time just after a theft, and you've got to remember another thing—that his rooms are next to Beaky Sharp's."

"Is that all you have to go on?" asked Ray.

"No. You know young Wilton?"

"Yes."

"Well, Wilton is Slogger's nephew, and he let out to me one day last term, when we were having a yarn, that Slogger looks after a sister who's an invalid. She's in a home down at Bournemouth, and he pays for her. It costs a fearful lot, and Wilton said he didn't see how Slogger could possibly do it because he hadn't anything except his salary."

Ray's face grew graver as he listened, but he still refused to be convinced.

"I don't care what anyone says, Jimmy, or what the evidence. I'd never believe that Slogger could steal. I don't think I'd believe it if I saw it with my own eyes."

"Then how do you explain what has happened?"

"I don't, or rather I can't. But I'm dead certain there is some explanation. What's more, I think it's up to you and me to try and find out exactly what it is."

"I'd do anything," said Jimmy eagerly, "but what can we do?"

"Keep your eyes open. Search the old house. See if there's anything hidden there or about it."

A deep voice broke in upon them. "Hullo, my merry footballer! So you're on your pins again, are you?"

Both the boys wheeled round, to see Slogger himself striding up behind them. His big hand fell on Ray's shoulder.

"Congratulations, Cartwright. Your dormitory can thank you for their win yesterday." Then he turned to Jimmy. "You, too, Clayton. I congratulate you, for I am quite aware to whom we owe our new three-quarter." Both boys reddened with pleasure. Slogger went on: "And the work, Cartwright. How does that go?"

"I—I'm trying, sir," stammered Ray.

"I know that, my boy. You wouldn't have risen so well in Form if you hadn't. Keep it up, and if you want any hints come to me at any time." Then he strode on.

Ray watched him disappear. "He a thief, Jimmy!" he said, with intense scorn.

Jimmy nodded. "No, Ray; they don't make 'em like that."

## CHAPTER 27

### The Latin Lesson

NEXT day Jimmy and Ray hunted all through the old house. They searched every mouldy corner of it, but found nothing except dust.

Meantime, Mr. Sharp was making a terrible upset about his watch. He had been to Dr. Glennie, and it was understood had wanted to call in the police. But the Head, so it was said, had been afraid of the scandal, and had persuaded him to wait a while.

Meantime, masters and prefects alike were quietly warned to keep their eyes open, and Slade, the porter, to keep a careful watch on any stranger coming in or out.

After a day or two the business began to be forgotten. Between work and football Jimmy and Ray had their whole time occupied. Every day they became better friends.

As for Ray, his plucky play in the dormitory match had made him popular all round, and he began really to enjoy his school life.

His father, hearing of his success, sent him a good tip, most of which he spent in treating his dormitory to a feed down at the tuck shop. He played football every day, and improved steadily.

But it was in Form that he blossomed out most wonderfully. For the next two weeks he was third in the Form order, and well above boys who were more than a year older than he.

But no one grudged his rise except Arden and Hogan.

Foxy Hogan, it was plain, was working hard and meant to have that scholarship if he could get it. But the feeling in the Form was decidedly against him. All the decent boys, knowing the ugly trick that he had tried on Ray, were against him, and he and Arden and Bulmer had sense enough to realise that this was no time to play up. For the present, therefore, all three were sitting tight, and had not made any effort to get square with Jimmy.

Jimmy himself was rather cock-a-hoop. He thought that their power was broken and that there was no more to fear from them. Not so Ray. By this time Ray had a much better understanding of Hogan's dark, sullen nature than Jimmy. He felt perfectly certain that Hogan was only biding his time, and that sooner or later there would be fresh trouble; and more than once he tried to warn Jimmy.

But Jimmy refused to take the matter seriously.

"They're done in," he told Ray. "I tell you they're done in. If they'd had any beans left in them they'd have put me through it for downing them that evening. Don't you worry about them, Ray."

Seeing that it was no use trying to convince Jimmy, Ray gave that up, but all the same he kept his eyes open. To him it was the more ominous that Arden and Co. seemed to have given up their bullying. They kept very much to themselves, though Ferguson, as usual, was generally hanging about with them.

Ray and Jimmy did all their work together, and both got a deal of advantage out of this plan. Ray learned a lot of chemistry from Jimmy, while Jimmy, on his part, began to improve in his Latin and to work up several places from his usual position at the bottom of the class. One day he actually made a brilliant answer which sent him right up even above Ray.

He had never before sat so high, and the sensation was so pleasant that he worked as he had never worked before, and that week was ten places up in the Form order.

As for Ray, that week saw him second in the order and actually above Hogan.

On the following morning Ray and Jimmy met in their class-room, just before morning school.

"I say, Ray," said Jimmy in a hurry, "have you got my Ovid? I believe I lent it to you on Saturday. Yes; that's it under your arm."

Ray looked at the book. "Why, so it is. I thought I'd got my own."

He handed it over, bolted to his locker, and got out his own, and was just back in his seat as Slogger came in.

Slogger was quieter than usual that morning. The fact was he had just had bad news of his sister, but naturally he kept that to himself. He would usually talk about the Form order, and good-naturedly chaff boys who were up or down, but now he merely said good morning and went straight on with the work.

It was his custom to pick on boys here and there and tell them to translate a few lines, and as it happened this morning the very first he chose was Ray. The lesson was the first part of Ovid's ode, "The Death of the Parrot," and Ray got up and began fluently:

"The Parrot, a talking bird from the Indies, is dead. All ye birds, go to the funeral. Go and—"

He stuck.

Slogger looked at him, waited a moment.

"Go on," he said rather curtly. "Plangite pectora pennis."

Ray still boggled. As a matter of fact he had forgotten the meaning of "plangite."

## Your Own Book

### HARMSWORTH'S CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

Edited by  
**ARTHUR MEE**  
The Editor of this Paper

The most wonderful  
book for children the  
world has ever seen

1/3 per Part

**PARTS 1 and 2**

NOW ON SALE

Mr. Flower was in an impatient mood.

"Sit down, Cartwright. You try, Clayton."

Jimmy, who had been busy making some notes, had not even opened his Ovid. Now he did so quickly and stood up.

"Go on!" said the master. "Plangite pectora pennis."

Instead of going on, Jimmy went suddenly red and stood stupidly silent. Everyone in the class stared at him in astonishment.

## CHAPTER 28

### The Triumph of Hogan

WHAT is the matter, Clayton?" demanded Slogger, his quick temper rising. "First Cartwright collapses, then you stand up and stare at me like a stuck pig."

Jimmy made no reply. His cheeks were red as fire. Some of the boys were tittering, while Ray was looking at his chum rather anxiously.

Slogger rapped his desk. "Come here, Clayton. Come out into the middle of the room."

Jimmy—"Cheeky Clayton," as he was often called—and usually the calmest and coolest youngster in the Form, seemed now to be in a state of miserable nervousness and hesitation. He stepped back over the bench, caught his foot, half tripped, and dropped his book with a bang. As he did so a loose sheet fluttered out of it. He stooped, picked it up, and was thrusting it hastily into his notebook when Slogger spoke again.

"What is that sheet? What is that paper? Bring it here, Clayton." From red Jimmy went deathly white. Everyone seemed suddenly to sense that something was wrong. On Hogan's face in particular was a most curious expression, half astonishment, wholly triumph.

Jimmy picked up the sheet, and, with it in one hand and the book in the other, walked up to Slogger's desk. The silence in the big classroom was such that it could almost be felt.

Slogger seemed to have forgotten all about the lesson.

"That sheet," he said, and his voice was suddenly hard and stern. There was no help for it. Jimmy handed it over.

For perhaps a quarter of a minute Slogger looked at it, and as he did so his whole face changed. No boy present had ever seen it wear such a terrifying expression. Then he raised his eyes from the paper and fixed them upon Jimmy.

"Oh!" he said, and his voice was like ice. "And so this is the explanation of your sudden rise in Form, Clayton? A crib—a printed crib, too. And where, may I ask, did you get this guide to knowledge?"

Jimmy was silent.

"Answer me," ordered Slogger. "Answer at once."

Not a word from Jimmy. Slogger half started from his seat. For a moment it looked as though his fierce temper were going to master him. But no. With an effort he mastered himself. "Are you going to obey me, Clayton?" he asked cuttingly.

Jimmy set his lips.

"I—I can't tell you, sir."

Slogger gazed at him with eyes that seemed to bore through to his backbone.

"I take it, then, you got it from some other boy?"

Jimmy faced him steadily, but still remained obstinately silent.

"Well," said Slogger, still in that deadly calm voice, "I shall not ask any more questions. It is sufficient, Clayton, that you have been caught in possession of this printed translation. You have bitterly disappointed me, for I had thought better things of you. Go and sit at the bottom of the Form, and wait in at the end of the hour. By that time I shall have considered what punishment I shall give you."

The same dead silence reigned as Jimmy took his seat at the very bottom of the class. But Arden was grinning evilly, and on Hogan's hard lips was a smile of triumph.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

### Over the Wall

"YOU've sent your ball over the garden wall once too often, Master Pat," said old Amos grimly. "Mr. Kellan isn't complaining any more, but he's got a bulldog, a reg'lar Tear'um. If you or Miss Flo go over for your ball you'll come back with part of yourselves missing."

Pat took Flo's hand and squeezed it.

They thought Amos rather horrid to talk as if the next-door bulldog were a joke. But they played ball in the front garden instead of on the lawn.

It was just before tea that Flo made the awful discovery.

"Pat!" she gasped, "look! There's Buzz on the wall. If she jumps over Tear'um will kill her."

Buzz was the dearest grey kitten with golden eyes, given to the children by Aunt May. Pat made a dash, but he was too late. Buzz whisked her tail and was over the wall in a second.

Pat and Flo sat on the wall, looking down in horror. It was too terrible to think of the kitten's danger.

"If," said Pat grimly, "that were really an ogre's garden, and Buzz were an enchanted princess, I should be an awful coward not to go and rescue her. So—"

"Oh, Pat," cried Flo, "you mustn't! Amos said—"

But Pat had jumped, and Flo nearly toppled over after him.

"It's coming!" she screamed.

Pat made a rush, and so did Tear'um. What a horrible-looking dog he was, too, with a wrinkled face and bow legs! Buzz did not like the look of him, and scrambled up a tree:

"You'll be eaten," shrieked Flo. But Pat had already taken Buzz's hint. He just managed to swing himself up on to a branch of the plum tree before Tear'um reached him.

The tea-bell was ringing, but it rang in vain. Pat sat prisoner in the plum tree while Buzz washed her face coolly on the branch above him, and Flo wept on the garden wall!

It was lucky Mr. Kellan happened to hear Tear'um's barks and came to make inquiries.

"Oh, save him!" wailed Flo, "save him! The dog will take pieces out of him. And it wasn't a ball—it was Buzz!"

Mr. Kellan was far too kind-hearted to laugh as he helped Pat off his perch and listened to a full account of the adventure. Then he explained that he had never thought of trespassers who came after a lost ball when he bought Tear'um, and he said it was quite right of Pat to come to the rescue of Princess Buzz.

"I think, however," he added, "Buzz can look after herself. But you two had better make friends with Tear'um. Come to tea and learn to be comrades with each other."

And, though Pat and Flo were not sure they wanted Tear'um for a friend, they soon found he was quite a jolly one—in fact, nicer than Buzz, though they don't say so.





# Autumn Scatters the Leaves Again



## D! MERRYMAN

BILLY had heard the joke at school, but he found that he could not catch his father with it.

"Do nuts grow on trees, Dad?" he asked.

"Yes, sonny."

"Then what tree does the dough-nut grow on?"

"Why, on the pantry, of course."

### What Am I?

YOU'LL find my whole beyond control

Of mortal tongue or pen;

But if transposed I'm oft disclosed

By both—no matter when.

My tail erases, my parts replace—

I'm quick, although I say it;

And from me soon you'll have a tune

If you behead and play it.

Answer next week

WHY are tall people lazier than short people?

Because they are always longer in bed.

### Do You Live Here?



What town does this picture represent?

Solution next week

WHY is a horse more clever than a fox?

Because a horse can run when he is in a trap, and a fox cannot.

### Epitaph on John Bunn

HERE lies John Bunn

Who was killed by a gun.

His name wasn't Bunn; his real name was Wood,

But Wood wouldn't rhyme with gun, so I thought Bunn would.



### Adventures of Augustus & Marmaduke

AUGUSTUS said to Marmaduke,

"At soldiers we will play.

Now watch me charge the farmer's bull, and see it run away."

Augustus grasped his scouting staff, toward the bull he ran.

"Drive the bull right from the field," cried Marmy, "if you can."

The bull turned round; up went his tail, and straight toward the boys

He rushed, just like a whirlwind, and made a mighty noise.

Augustus turned to run away, and Marmy did the same.

"Oh! Oh!" Augustus cried. "I thought that bull was very tame."

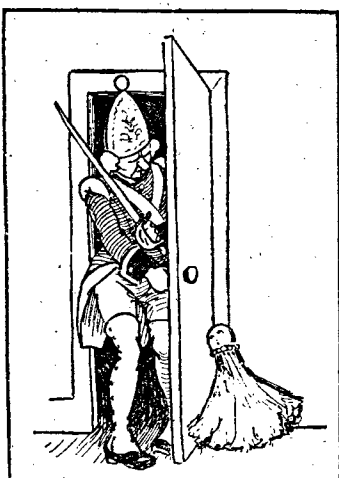
Right o'er the hedge went both the boys, and, later, Marmy said,

"I like a ride, but not upon a raging bullock's head."

WHY is the most discontented man really the most easily contented?

Because nothing satisfies him.

### School Howlers



### A New Kind of Battledore

A LITTLE girl who was asked to describe a battledore replied that it was a door out of which a soldier came.

WHY is a secret like silence?

Because you cannot talk about it and keep it.

### Potted Politeness

GATHERING up some papers from his desk, Mr. Johnson dashed out of his office and ran down the corridor, but as he turned the corner he came into violent collision with a stranger, who was also hurrying.

"My dear sir," gasped Mr. Johnson as he gathered up his papers, "I don't know which of us is to blame for this unfortunate accident, but I am far too busy to investigate it now. If it was my fault, I beg your pardon. If it was your fault, don't mention it."

And the next moment he was sprinting along the passage again.

### Children, Beware

THERE was an old man of Nash-pare

Who always would dine on juggled hare,

Till one day in spring—

Could you think such a thing?

He simply did nothing but stare.

From staring he never once stopped,

With one ear straight up and one lopped,

Until the next spring,

When, ting-a-ling-ling,

All over the township he hopped.

All over the township he went,

With one foot straight out and one bent,

Till he got to the park,

And then—hush and hark!

He sat down quite thoroughly spent.

So, children, beware

Of too much juggled hare!

### What Time Was It?

"CAN you tell me the time, Harry?" asked Jack.

"Well," replied Harry, who prided himself on his mathematical knowledge, "three-quarters of an hour ago it was exactly twice as many minutes past four o'clock as it now wants to six o'clock."

What time was it?

### Solution next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

### Arithmetical Puzzle

Jack is 15, and his uncle 45. In 15 years Jack's uncle will be twice Jack's age.

### Word-Coining

Meats, steam, teams, mates

### Who Was He?

The Great Sea Captain was Sir Martin Frobisher.

## Jacko Goes to Work

ONE evening, not long after his adventure at sea, Jacko sat so quietly by the fire that his mother began to wonder what mischief he was plotting.

Presently he burst out: "I wish I were grown up. I wouldn't have to do lessons then."

"Oh," said his father, "so you've been in trouble at school again, have you? But don't imagine that grown-ups have an easy time merely because they don't do lessons. They have to work for a living. And let me tell you that no one would give twopence a year for the work you could do."

Jacko ground his teeth in silence. He would show them!

He was not such a useless, babyish thing as they thought.

The next day was a half-holiday, but Jacko did not come in till quite late, and when he did come he had a very jaunty air.

"Have you been playing football?" asked his mother.

"I haven't been playing," said Jacko loftily. "I've got a job."

"What?" cried the family, starting up from their seats.

"Yes," said Jacko, enjoying the sensation he was making.

"I got it this afternoon. My master is a small-holder. He has been showing me how to feed the animals. I am to do it all alone tomorrow while he takes the day off. He says I seem a bright boy," Jacko added, grinning.

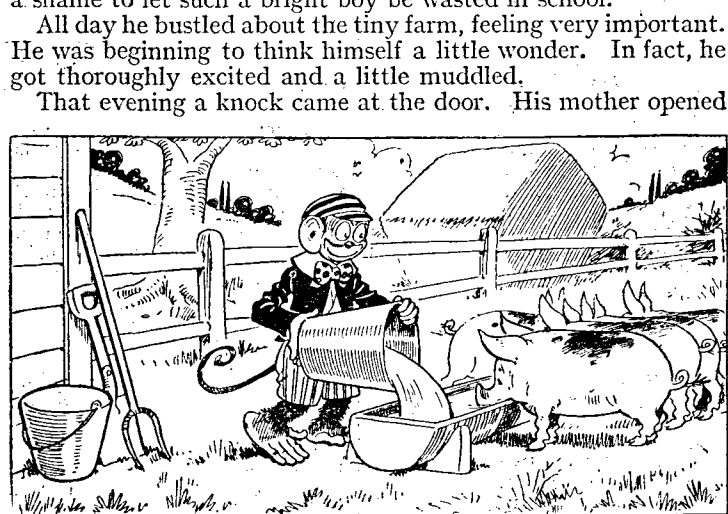
"But you can't leave school!" cried his father.

"Well, you must feed the animals tomorrow, anyway," said his mother. "They can't go hungry. Then when the farmer comes back he must have a talk with father."

Next day Jacko set off in high glee. He felt sure that the farmer would persuade his father to let him stay—it would be a shame to let such a bright boy be wasted in school.

All day he bustled about the tiny farm, feeling very important. He was beginning to think himself a little wonder. In fact, he got thoroughly excited and a little muddled.

That evening a knock came at the door. His mother opened



Jacko fed the pigs on fresh milk

it, and saw a stranger there. He seemed very annoyed.

"I've come to say that your son needn't come again," he said gruffly. "I didn't know he was daft when I took him on."

"What ever do you mean?" faltered Mrs. Jacko.

"What do I mean?" said the indignant farmer. "I should just like to know what he meant. I left all the foods laid out ready for him in a shed, and to my horror I find he has given swill to my goats, bran mash to the dog, a plate of bones to the mare, and he has fed the pigs with my fresh milk! No thanks, I don't want him to come again!"

At the moment Jacko was too utterly crushed to say a word for himself, but he slowly recovered his spirits.

"Coo!" he muttered. "That's done it! I'll have to look out for another job!"

"H'm!" said Mrs. Jacko. "The best thing you can do is to go to school and try not to get into any more mischief."

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### A Cat and a Hare

A Suffolk reader sends us a curious instance of the mothering instinct in a cat.

About a week ago my cat had three kittens, and as we already have enough cats to keep the house free from mice we destroyed two of the kittens.

A day or two later I was astonished to find that the mother cat was contentedly giving a good dinner to a baby hare as well as her own kitten.

I can only surmise that in her distress she had gone away to find her own lost kittens, and had found the young hare and brought it home.

### Une Chatte et un Lièvre

Un lecteur du Suffolk nous envoie un récit curieux de l'instinct maternel chez une chatte.

Il y a environ huit jours ma chatte a eu trois petits, et comme nous avons déjà assez de chats dans la maison pour nous débarrasser des souris nous avons tué deux des petits.

Un ou deux jours plus tard j'ai été surpris de voir que la chatte donnait aimablement un bon repas à un petit levraut ainsi qu'à son propre enfant.

Je ne puis que supposer que, dans sa détresse, la chatte était allée à la recherche de ses petits égarés, et qu'elle avait trouvé le petit levraut et l'avait ramené à la maison.

### Tales Before Bedtime

## Humpty Dumpty

GRANNY had most curious things in her corner cupboard with the glass doors—

a Chinese lady's tiny shoe, a great lump of coral, china snuff-boxes, and lots of other interesting things. But the curiosity Belle and Jimmy liked best was the ostrich's egg.

It was enormous. Granny told them that it had weighed three pounds, and would have made a nice breakfast for six hungry men before its inside had been blown out.

It had a smooth white shell, and Belle and Jimmy called it Humpty Dumpty.

They were staying with Granny, and immediately they arrived she gave them each a hen for their very own. Jimmy's was a Dark Dorking, and Belle's was a Rhode Island Red, with feathers that shone in the sunshine like a peacock's.

Every day the hens each laid an egg, and every day the children quarrelled about which was the larger.

"Ruffy lays lovely long brown ones," cried Belle—

Ruffy was the red hen.

"And Blackie lays lovely fat round white ones," said Jimmy,

"and they taste much nicer than yours, too."

"Well, well! Tomorrow we'll weigh them and give a prize for the heavier egg," promised Granny.

Then Jimmy had an idea. He thought it would be a joke to put Humpty Dumpty in Blackie's nest to surprise Belle.

He waited till nobody was looking, then he took the ostrich egg from Granny's cupboard, and carried it off to Blackie's nest.

"Tomorrow Blackie is going to lay an immense egg; she's promised," he said to Belle.

But the next morning it was Jimmy who had the surprise.

He found Blackie had sat

on the big egg and smashed it into little pieces. Nobody could put Humpty Dumpty together again, and Granny was not at all pleased.

She nearly packed Jimmy off home, but when Belle told her he meant to sell all Blackie's eggs to the farm instead of eating them, so that he could save up and send to Africa for another big egg, she forgave him.

They called it Humpty Dumpty

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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 4, 1922

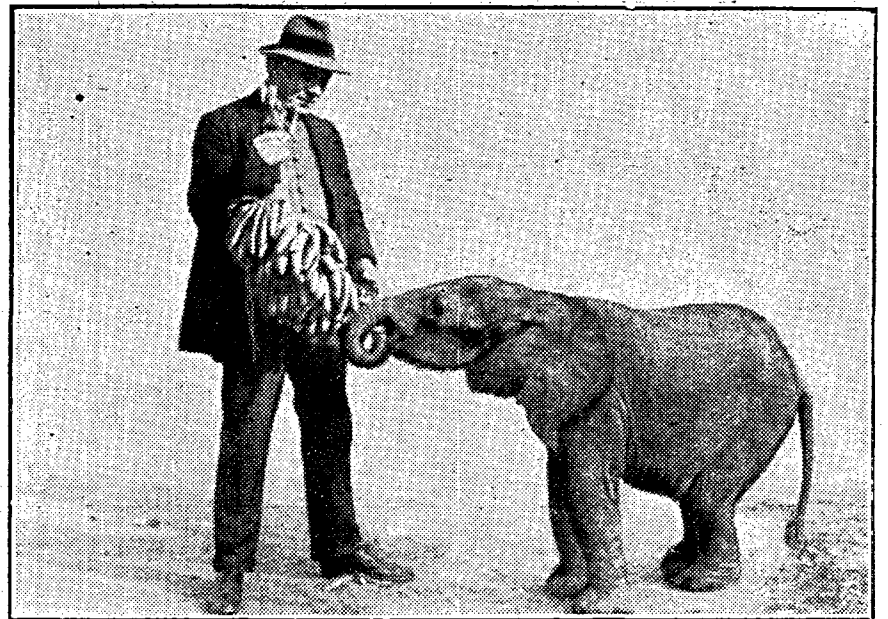
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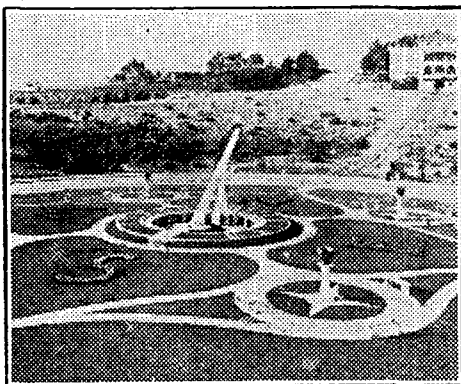
## LITTLE ELEPHANT AT THE ZOO · GIANT SUNDIAL · JUNK CROSSES THE WORLD



**Making Friends in the Park**—The birds in the London parks are always ready to make friends with the visitors who feed them, and this little girl has won the affection of the black swan to whom she is offering a dainty morsel. Many of these birds soon become very tame.



**Pigmy Elephant at the Zoo**—For the first time the London Zoo has obtained what is believed to be a specimen of the rare pigmy elephant species from the French Congo. It stands only three feet high, but it has an excellent appetite, for it eats 150 bananas a day. See page 4



**Great Sundial**—This enormous sundial has recently been set up in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, and is a centre of much attraction.



**Junk Goes Half Across the World**—This Chinese junk is travelling half across the world. It has already sailed from Shanghai to Victoria, taking 91 days on the voyage, and is now on its way to New York, via the Panama Canal. The boat is 48 feet long, and its captain has his wife and little son on board.



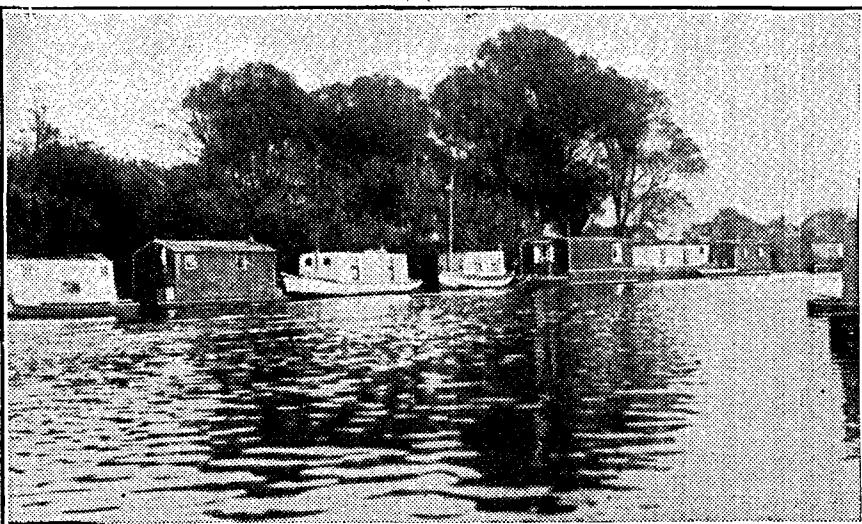
**Wool-gathering in the Fields**—In many parts of the country children gather from the trees the wool rubbed off on the trunks from the passing sheep.



**Schoolboys at Work**—The authorities at Bradpole, Dorset, decided to enlarge the churchyard and playground, and these boys assisted in demolishing and rebuilding the walls.



**A Good Harvest**—These children are examining the sheep's wool that they have gathered from the trees before taking it to the farmer for sale. Some of them make a good deal of pocket-money.



**Solving the Housing Problem**—At Peterborough people are solving the housing problem by living in house-boats moored along the banks of the River Nen, as shown in this picture.



**The Band of the Boy Scouts**—The Boy Scout movement is very popular in France, and this band of the troop at Bayonne looks exceedingly picturesque as it marches through the streets.

**ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE**

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